

THE  
**SATURDAY REVIEW**  
OF  
**POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND FINANCE.**

No. 3240. Vol. 124.

1 December 1917.

[REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK ..	429	Sophistry of a Saxon ..	438
LEADING ARTICLES:—		Imperialism and Armenia ..	438
Ireland Simmering ..	432	German Valour ..	439
Epilogue on Education ..	432	Senses and Christianity ..	439
De Mortuis ..	434	German Perfidy ..	439
Grand Opera in English ..	435	REVIEWS:—	
To Auguste Rodin ..	436	Keats and his Circle ..	440
CORRESPONDENCE:—		A True Story of the East ..	441
Home Rule for India ..	436	A Victorian Worthy ..	441
Female Dress ..	437	Frankly Frankau ..	442
Mesopotamia ..	437	Latest Publications ..	444
The Jews and Palestine ..	438	FINANCE:—	
Turk or Arab ..	438	The City ..	446
Patience of the English ..	438	Insurance ..	448

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The appointment of General Plumer, organiser of the brilliant victory of Messines Ridge, to the command of the British forces in Italy, is a good stroke of policy, and will show our Southern Allies that we mean business. The situation on that front has been steadily improving. Venice still stands; on the Piave no progress has been made by the invaders; and for many days the situation in the north—between the Brenta and the Piave—has remained stationary. Here the formidable defensive system of Monte Grappa—which is not yet threatened—bars the way to the plain; and as the Italians are not only offering a stout defence, but have sufficiently recovered the offensive spirit to launch vigorous and successful counter-attacks, there are grounds for hoping that the situation may yet be perhaps more than retrieved. Messages from Italian Headquarters indicate that the British and French reinforcements will soon be in action. If the Austrians (and the six German divisions) accomplish no more than they have done already, the great effort will have proved politically a failure.

Those who clamour for sensational successes are disappointed at the inevitable slackening in the pace of General Allenby's advance on Jerusalem. But it is obvious that for topographical, as well as political, reasons, the Turks would put up a better fight in the mountainous environs of the city. The British troops, advancing up the historic vale of Ajalon and by all the roads leading to Jerusalem, have captured the railway station of Bittir and a village to the north-east only three-and-a-half miles from the city. They are confronted by strong enemy bodies holding the high ground both here and further north on the road leading to the Turkish headquarters at Nablus, about thirty miles north of the city. A reconnaissance north of Jaffa found the Turks holding in some strength the northern bank of the Nahr-Auja, and thus covering the railway to Nablus and Damascus. But there is still

little indication of the hand of a Falkenhayn in the Turkish operations either in Palestine or in Mesopotamia, where Lieut.-Gen. Marshall has been appointed to the command, in the place of his late Chief.

At the instigation of Lord Northcliffe, the bells of St. Paul's were pealed last week to celebrate Sir Julian Byng's victory before Cambrai. We regret that the ecclesiastical authorities should have allowed themselves to be rushed into premature jubilation over a victory not yet completed. The clamour of the *Times* for joy-bells deplorably indicated that its proprietor still retains the "mafficking" spirit which most self-respecting Englishmen have long out-lived. This war is too vast and tragic a thing for such ebullitions. The battle for Cambrai is, in any event, not yet completed. Field-Marshal Haig and General Byng deserve all the congratulations they have received on the triumphant success of their surprise attack. It was a piece of magnificent organisation, and the idea of dispensing with artillery preparation was a stroke of genius. The prize of the day was nearly 11,000 prisoners, more than 100 guns, and the reclamation of over 40 miles of French soil. The military results were also important. But the real fighting came later. The true objective—the network of road and railway communications at Cambrai—General Byng, so far, neither holds nor dominates with his guns.

We are the last to seek to belittle the splendid achievements of the troops or the masterly tactics of our generals, but it is false appreciation of both to magnify the first successful stages of a battle into a decisive victory. The really valuable tactical results of the operation up to now have been the capture of Masnières, on the road from Cambrai to St. Quentin and Bourlon Wood. Their importance may be gauged from the costly efforts the Germans have made to win them back, and from the attempts made in their communications to conceal their loss. We could command from the highest point with our guns not only the nodal point of Cambrai, but also the enemy positions and communications to the north and north-west of the town. When General Byng is able to bring his guns up into position, the value of Cambrai as a centre of communications will be destroyed, and a German withdrawal astride the Arras-Cambrai road will be inevitable. Even as it is, Cambrai must be a very uncomfortable place, but the enemy is still able to concentrate there for his counter attacks.

Though progress in the difficult region of East Africa, where we are eliminating the German forces, is necessarily slow, it was clear that our encircling forces would soon be too much for the evasive enemy. Last Wednesday news came that one of the two surviving German forces, that under Colonel Tafel, had surrendered unconditionally, leaving in our hands over 3,500 prisoners. Colonel Tafel, dislodged from the Mahenge area, moved on south-east to Nevala, not realising that the place was in our hands. The other force is near the Portuguese frontier, hampered by lack of food and munitions.

Lord Reading has no sooner returned to his duty from America than he is whisked off to Paris by the

Prime Minister to assist in a Conference. How long will the Bar and the public tolerate this use of the Lord Chief Justice of England as alternately a financial broker and dry-nurse to the Prime Minister? The Lord Chief Justice is paid by the public £8,000 a year and his two secretaries £900 a year for presiding in the King's Bench Division. It would be interesting to know whether Lord Reading proposes to hand over a portion of his salary to the other judges who have been doing his work.

We do not know what qualifications for the Presidency of the Air Council Lord Rothermere or Lord Northcliffe can possibly have. They are both journalists and newspaper proprietors; and aircraft is a very specialised and technical subject. The President of the Air Council ought to be an engineer—of whom there are hundreds to spare in the Royal Engineers, in the Artillery, and amongst civil engineers. Or, if not a professional engineer, the President ought to be a man who has devoted years to the study and practice of flying in the air—like Lord Montagu of Beaulieu; or a big contractor who has had to do with constructive engineering all his life—like Lord Cowdray. Why the concoction of spicy personalities, of picturesque reports, of headlines, of journalistic “stunts,” should qualify a man for the chair of the Air Council, is not apparent.

When one reflects that the success of the war and the safety of these islands—not to mention the thousands of young lives—depend upon the Air Council, the appointment of a Fleet Street journalist to the Presidency seems difficult to understand. There is another aspect of the case—not so dangerous to life and limb, but more dangerous to political liberty and the independence of the press. Lord Rothermere is the owner of the *Daily Mirror*, the *Sunday Pictorial*, the *Glasgow Daily Record* and the *Leeds Mercury*. By joining the Government Lord Rothermere binds all these so-called organs of opinion to the chariot of Mr. Lloyd George. No longer need we look in any of these popular journals for independent or even intelligent criticism of the Government—which they will be bound to praise so long as their owner, like Mr. Asquith, “takes his salary.”

This is a very serious matter. Years ago, R. L. Stevenson foresaw, as one of the most dangerous developments of State Socialism, the junction of the Government with the press. “If the Socialistic programme be carried out with the least fulness, we shall have lost a thing” (wrote Stevenson in “Lay Morals”) “in most respects not much to be regretted, but as a moderator of oppression a thing nearly invaluable—the newspaper. . . . State railways may be good, and so may State bakeries; but a State newspaper will never be a very trenchant critic of the State officials.” It is indeed time that Parliament began to consider seriously the relations between the Government, the legislature, and the press—for they are at present deplorable.

The first thing which Parliament ought to do is to assert itself, and to protect its members against the caprices of reporting. The galleries of the House of Commons are part of the House, and in return for the courtesy of admission every newspaper should be bound to give a fair report—if it reports speeches at all. Of course, a verbatim report would be out of the question, and it would be absurd to compel a newspaper to report speeches if it preferred to give picturesque descriptions of members' ties and boots. But if a report of the debate be given it should be a fair report, with a certain amount of space to everybody. A member who is anxious about his political career is terrified by the lynch press. If he is personally obnoxious to Lord Northcliffe, his speeches may be ignored, or reported in a few lines, or reported in so garbled a fashion as to make the speaker absurd.

In the eighteenth century, before shorthand was dreamed of, the debates were reported—or, rather, invented—by literary drudges, like Johnson, who “took care that the Whig dogs should have the worst of it.” The Northcliffites take good care that the anti-Northcliffe dogs shall have the worst of it. Few politicians can face a press boycott; and therefore the Houses of Parliament should take some steps to protect themselves against the tyranny of the press. Why doesn't some peer, who doesn't care a tinker's curse about his political career, and who has a dash of the late Duke of Devonshire's you-be-damnedness, move in the House of Lords to call attention to Lord Northcliffe? He is a great question, is Lord Northcliffe. His influence, like that of the Crown in the eighteenth century, has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

A legitimate subject of inquiry would be the British Mission to the United States. What was the object of that mission? and how did it fulfil its purpose? Lord Northcliffe was appointed to be the Head of the Mission, and therefore became the accredited representative of the British Government. On his return to London, the Prime Minister offers him a new and very important post in the Government; to which the Agent replies that the Government is so incompetent that he cannot join it, but prefers to maintain his independence. Whereupon, the Prime Minister persuades the King to make him a viscount, and his brother the President of the Air Council. If this is not the corruption of a section of the press by the Government, we do not know the meaning of words.

Speaking generally, and without reference to one paper more than another, there has sprung up in the last few years a deplorably bad feeling between the press and the legislature. There are too many journals that do nothing else but sneer and gird at “the politicians”; and unfortunately this spirit of contempt has been infused by the press into the Army. This is not only regrettable, but may be dangerous. Who are “the politicians”? They are, as to the great majority—perhaps five-sixths—gentlemen of means, social position, and education, who have been duly elected to represent the people. A very small minority—hardly a twentieth of the total—are foolish, insolent, unpatriotic persons. The press, in search of the picturesque and the sensational (or what it thinks so), reports the questions and speeches of this residuum, and omits the speeches of sensible men. So that six hundred gentlemen shoulder the odium of half-a-dozen buffoons and traitors. Once more we say: Let Parliament insist on fair reporting—or none.

The amount of income-tax, not collected, but assessed upon weekly wage-earners for the year 1916-17 is stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to be £3,000,000, levied upon 630,000 persons, that is, a little less than £5 per head per annum. This is amazingly little. Of the 30,000,000 adults there must be some 28,000,000 wage-earners, and some 2,000,000 property-owners and rentiers. The total amount of the property-taxes (estate duties, stamps, land-tax, house-duty, income-tax, excess profits duty, land value duties) is estimated for the current year at £464,000,000. The total amount of revenue from Customs and Excise is estimated at £105,700,000, to which, let us say, the weekly wage-earners contribute two-thirds, or in round numbers £70,400,000. Thus, out of a total tax revenue of £569,700,000, twenty-eight million persons pay £73,400,000, and two millions pay £456,300,000, or about £250 per head per annum, as against about £3 per head of the wage-earners. That there are only 630,000 persons of the wage-earning classes rightly assessable to income-tax we cannot believe.

It is difficult to see any difference between a strike of workers engaged in producing munitions, or aircraft, or coal, and a refusal of soldiers at the front

to fight. The Coventry air-craft workers, the railway-men, and the cotton spinners' hands are all "out" for higher wages. Our private soldiers get paid a shilling a day, whilst Canadian and Australian soldiers get 6s. a day. Suppose that our soldiers (ninety per cent. of whom are civilians) were to strike for higher pay, where would the air-craft workers, the railway-men, and the cotton operatives be?

"The world is at an end at the time of the dissolution of contracts," says an old proverb. The trouble—the perpetual, insoluble, and seemingly insuperable, trouble—with working men is that no contract will bind them. On the 30th October an arbitrator appointed by the Minister of Labour gave an award on wages in the works of Messrs. White and Poppe, aircraft manufacturers at Coventry. A dispute almost immediately afterwards was raised by the shop-stewards; and when the employers wished to discuss matters with the trade union officials, the men declared that they must negotiate with the shop-stewards. In the meantime the manufacture of aircraft stands still. The world knows the enormous advances in pay which the railway men have had; but they ask for more. The textile workers have received sixty per cent. advance, and they are asking more. Where is this to end?

The working men cannot see—and apparently their leaders are afraid to tell them—that the more they raise their wages the more they raise the cost of living against themselves. They are travelling in a vicious circle. The prices of food and clothes are high—partly no doubt on account of the increased consumption by the armies, but also on account of the increased railway freights and the higher wages paid to hand-workers. Every ton of coal, every sack of flour, every can of milk, every carcass, all pay toll to the wage-earners, who are the boldest profiteers of the war. The increase of wages demanded by the railwaymen means, we are told, £16,000,000 a year; the increased pay to the sailors and soldiers comes to £69,000,000 a year. But what is a bagatelle like £85,000,000 (the total revenue of the country in 1885) to a Government whose expenditure is rapidly rising to £10,000,000 a day? As Mr. Asquith might say, "We are getting on."

The speech of Mr. William Harris, the Chairman of the Carlton-Ritz Company, at the meeting of shareholders is interesting as throwing light on the Economy Campaign. The profit revenue of the present as compared with the previous year has all but doubled, having risen from £21,928 in 1916 to £38,882 in 1917. This has been due to the large increase in the number of Canadian and British clients, there having been hardly any American visitors, a deficiency which will be certainly made good this year. We agree with Mr. Harris that the consumption of luxuries such as turtle, asparagus, trout, lobsters, and game is a good thing, for if these things were prohibited, the consumption of the ordinary food of the general public and the Army and Navy would be thereby increased. Oysters have remained stationary in price; fresh vegetables have only increased  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., poultry has only increased  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

The statement of Mr. Harris, founded on long experience, that Englishmen are impossible waiters suggests the question—why? Why are Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, Austrians, Swiss, and Germans good waiters, and Britons impossibly bad? There is an obstinate selfishness in British men and women of that class, and a resolute refusal to take an interest in the smaller functions of life that makes the men churlish and clumsy waiters, and the women inefficient laundresses and cooks. A French woman takes a real pride in her cooking or her ironing: and her husband is really interested in the clients of the restaurant. We remember reading of a French waiter who, when an old client asked what he could give him that day for breakfast,

answered: "Eh bien, monsieur, j'ai pensé à quelque chose"! Fancy the "plump head-waiter at The Cock" telling you that he had been thinking of something for your lunch!

The death of Sir Leander Starr Jameson at the age of sixty-four recalls one of those "old unhappy far-off things" which one would like, particularly at this time, to forget. On the 29th of December, 1895, Dr. Jameson, with 500 mounted police, commanded by Sir John Willoughby of the Blues, set off from Pitsani, in Bechuanaland, to conquer the Transvaal, a task which took the concentrated force of the British Empire two years to accomplish and cost £220,000,000. How childishly absurd the whole thing seems to-day! The Jameson raid in 1895 led inevitably to the South African war in 1899, though the raid was no more the cause of that war than the murder of the Austrian Archduke was the cause of the present war. The Transvaal war was the decision of a racial rivalry that had been going on for nearly a century.

After being imprisoned at Pretoria by Krüger and released on payment of heavy fines, Dr. Jameson, Sir John Willoughby, Colonel Frank Rhodes, and the other officers were tried in London in 1896 under the Foreign Enlistment Act, and were again imprisoned for a short period. Why Cecil Rhodes was not tried with them, seeing that he had twice admitted that he was an accomplice before the fact, has never been explained. The failure of the British Government to try Rhodes, and the casting of his instruments into prison, is one of the deepest stains on Chamberlain's reputation. Everybody, even the hottest Africander, felt that Dr. Jameson had been used as a tool by others; and eight years after his punishment he became Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, and finally chairman of the Chartered Company. He was not a clever man, but he was a generous, impulsive, honest man, and an enthusiastic Imperialist who will go down to posterity as the upsetter of Rhodes's apple-cart.

The Alternative vote has been reduced to an absurdity, which is perhaps what the House of Commons wished. The result of rejecting the schedules, as the House did on Wednesday, is that the alternative vote is left hanging, without any means of applying it.

Politicians, like Messrs. Hagbert Wright and Burrows, who oppose any interference in the internal affairs of Russia, would do well to remember that England has advanced to Russia in money and material something like £700,000,000, and that the present rulers of Russia are openly talking repudiation of debts. "We can always declare the State bankrupt if the Allies do not do what we want, and then all loans and other obligations to the Allies will be invalid," is Lenin's latest declaration. The only chance of saving Russia lies in the restoration of the Monarchy, which may yet be done by General Kaledin, and the Cossacks. It is impossible not to smile at the half-boast, half-threat that revolutionary Russia will fight the world in arms. Revolutionary France did that successfully enough, but then she had Generals like Carnot, Hoche, Dumouriez, and Bonaparte.

Since the Duke of Norfolk's death Lord Denbigh is, perhaps, at the head of the Catholic nobility in England. His letter in the *Times* of Wednesday is a strong appeal to the Irish priesthood not to compromise the old Church in the eyes of the world, and in the favour of its countrymen, by siding with the rebels and allies of Germany in Ireland. Lord Denbigh asks the Irish Catholic authorities to reflect upon the bitter animosity that would be created in the minds of the British non-Catholic patriots against the Church of Rome, if another rebellion should break out in Ireland; and he concludes, with perfect truth, that the leading Sinn Feiners are allying themselves with the most mischievous elements of British syndicalism, whose objects are to promote revolution and impede the war.



## IRELAND SIMMERING.

LET it simmer! is the fashionable word in the highest political circles in regard to that unhappy country Ireland. With the war on their hands the Cabinet of Seven do not wish to be bothered about Ireland—that is the sad truth. So Mr. Duke is appointed to keep things simmering, which he does with an adroitness that in a better cause would excite admiration. A wag has said that the only change he could see in the government of Ireland was that Mr. Birrell had been made a Duke. The Convention is appointed to keep things simmering, which Sir Horace Plunkett succeeded in doing, until Tom Ashe died in gaol. To keep things simmering the Lord-Lieutenant is put up in the House of Lords to make a flippant speech about the contentment and prosperity of Ireland. And we deeply regretted to see that a man of Lord Curzon's calibre has been so far corrupted by office as to throw the ægis of his eloquence over this fool's paradise of treason and knavery. Simmering pots have a nasty knack of boiling over without any regard for the comfort of the negligent cook.

We beg our readers to ponder one or two sentences from the letter of the Provost of Trinity College, a member of the Convention, which appeared in the *Times* a week ago. "Illegal drilling and carrying of arms are only faintly repressed by the Government, whose principal alarm is lest another criminal should die in gaol! . . . Accordingly the atmosphere created by the Government, which is intended to facilitate the work of the Convention, is one of anxiety and alarm among the loyal minority, of insolence and jubilation among the herd of disloyal and rebellious people, who openly advocate the setting up of an Irish Republic." The famous City of Cork, of which Mr. William O'Brien is the representative, has elected a Sinn Fein chairman of the Board of Guardians, and the Municipal Council has sanctioned the establishment of a regular Sinn Fein propaganda at Blackrock Castle. That this policy of simmer can only end in a Coercion Bill the Provost of Trinity, with every other sane man, sees clearly enough. "What use is there," asks Dr. Mahaffy, "in framing a new Constitution when the first step in enforcing that or any system of law and order must be to employ coercion? . . . Between confident ignorance, over-scrupulous indecision, weary indolence, and placid acquiescence we are going down the slope of such a precipice that only a new and vigorous team, who can face uphill work and maintain law and order, can possibly save the country. . . . The present government of Ireland is killing the Convention." Perhaps that is what the British Government want to do. Dr. Mahaffy is not an English lawyer or a party politician; his warning is couched in very similar language to that employed by Sir Henry Howorth in the two powerful letters on Ireland which have appeared in these columns. Let it simmer! say the Cabinet of Seven, and they only dare say so, because the people of England and Scotland are so absorbed in the war that they care, if the truth must be told, very little about what passes in Ireland. There is, however, one aspect of the Irish question to which the British working men and women are by no means indifferent. Crowds of young Irishmen, who will not enlist and who cannot emigrate owing to the war, are swarming over to Scotland and England and there taking the jobs of the young Englishmen and Scotsmen who have gone to the front. That the British people stand this is an illustration of their astonishing patience and toleration.

It is a bitter satire upon our party system that Home Rule for Ireland is only proposed when the two British parties are equally balanced in the House of Commons. At the General Election of 1885 there were returned 335 Liberals, 249 Conservatives, and 86 Nationalists. Gladstone therefore proposed Home Rule, which was defeated. At the General Election of 1906 there was an overwhelming Liberal majority, and nothing was heard of Home Rule in that Parliament. In 1910 there were returned 272 Liberals, 272 Conservatives, 42 Labour members, and 84 Nationalists. Mr. Asquith

immediately introduced a Home Rule Bill, and in order to carry it passed the Parliament Act, which deprived the House of Lords of their constitutional right of appealing to the country. The Home Rule Act, carried without the consent of the House of Lords, is the law, but the Government has never dared to put it in operation, though "the appointed day" occurred three years ago. The Government dares not apply the National Service Act to Ireland, or the restrictions of food and petrol; and it was only under pressure that they have at last agreed to redistribute seats on the basis of population, as has been done in Scotland and England. Whilst the British Unionist Press loads with the vilest vituperation British members of Parliament who advocate peace by negotiation, and whilst the officers of the law ransack the houses of those who are called pacifists in England, Mr. De Valera and his fellow-rebels are allowed to preach an alliance with Germany for the purpose of establishing an independent republic. Had Sir Roger Casement's private character not lain under the most odious imputation, he would almost certainly not have been hanged, and would now be a member of Parliament. The cowardice of the Government in dealing with the Sinn Feiners is the more remarkable because there is practically no opposition in Parliament. The Prime Minister is, for once, independent of the Irish vote, and for that matter the Irish Nationalists hate and fear the Sinn Feiners as much as the staunchest Unionists. The Sinn Feiners are to the Nationalist members of Parliament as the shop-stewards are to the old Trade Union leaders. What, then, is the meaning of the tender leniency towards rebels and anarchists on the part of the Cabinet? Can it be the Prime Minister's passion for revolutionary democracy, as shown in the message of congratulation which he dispatched from the House of Commons to the Russian anarchists who deposed the Czar? We know the result of patronising Gopadin Kerenski, "that great revolutionary character, the St. Just of Russia." Is Mr. De Valera to be in time recognised and embraced as the Kerenski or the St. Just of the Irish Revolution? Let it simmer!

## EPILOGUE ON EDUCATION.

By THE EDITOR.

SEVEN weeks ago we wrote a prologue to the discussion on the reform of education for the sons, not of the working-classes—statesmen and professors are cap-in-hand offering *them* the best education for nothing—but for the sons of that plundered and struggling section of society, the upper and upper-middle classes. We have published articles from Dr. Seward, the Master of Downing College, Cambridge (a foundation devoted to science); Sir Herbert Warren, Professor of Poetry and President of Magdalen College, Oxford; the Mathematical Master of a great public school, the Head of a large preparatory school, and a well-known member of the Association of Chambers of Commerce, himself educated at a famous Grammar School. From these representative contributors we gather a concurrence of opinion on three points: 1. That a great many precious years are wasted in forcing boys to acquire an imperfect knowledge of Greek and Latin, for which they have no taste, and which are little or no use to them in after life. It is bad educational policy to bore or muddle nine boys on the chance of producing a Porson or a Parr in the tenth. 2. That too much time and too much honour are given by parents and masters to proficiency in games. It is useless to complain of the respect of the boys themselves for physical prowess, for boys are boys. But the parents and masters ought not to encourage this worship of sport. We know all about the healthy body; but football, cricket and other sports played away from the school fields or courts should be discontinued, and nothing but one-day matches allowed. 3. That too little time, or too little encouragement, is given to the study of natural science, mechanics, English history, and modern languages. To these subjects we would add the humble science of arith-



metic, which does indeed comprehend the whole art of practical life. We would also add parenthetically that it is very difficult to teach modern languages in a public school, because the teacher, if a foreigner, is laughed at because he is a foreigner; and if an Englishman or a Scotsman is laughed at because he teaches the French of Stirling, or the German of Sheffield.

There are two views of education. The one regards education as a process for the formation of character and the acquisition of the graceful accomplishments of a scholar and a gentleman. This may be called the Platonic or æsthetic view of education, and, like many other graces of life, is being butted away by the beast with many heads. The second view of education regards it as the sword which is to be placed in the young gentleman's hand for the opening of the world's oyster. This may be called the utilitarian or brutitarian view, which is the fashion of the day, adopted to meet the foreseen stress of life for the next generation. Every young father must passionately ask himself, how is my boy to make an income? The horrible efficiency of Prussian organisation has so impressed itself on the national mind, that we are all mad to tear a leaf out of the German copybook. This craze, like others, will pass, it may be hoped, in time. Organisation produces mechanical efficiency, but it kills originality; it persecutes individualism. However, for the hour brutitarian education is lord of the ascendant, and we must even make our account with it. Let us wave a loving and reverential farewell to what Chesterfield called the Graces.

The question then arises, at what stage in a school-boy's life should specialisation, the equipment for a particular career, begin? And here we must withdraw from our purview two classes of boys, as outside our jurisdiction, boys who are destined for the glorious profession of the Navy, and those who have destined themselves for the practice of Art, by which we mean painting, sculpture, and music. Boys who are going into the Navy are sent at an early age to a naval school or college. The inexplicable gifts of music and painting nearly always discover themselves at an early age: and obviously boys so endowed by nature must be sent, in the morning of their days, when the senses are unworn and tender, to some populous centre, where they can in galleries and academies learn the technique of their arts. There remain the following careers, the learned professions, Law, Medicine, and the Church—Gray's "three sisters of old"—the Army; the Home and Indian Civil Services; the scientific callings, engineering, chemistry, mineralogy; the whole group of activities called Business, a term which in the mouth of an eighteenth-century aristocrat meant politics, but in these days means anything in the nature of manufacturing, finance, shipping, etc.; and last, but not least, the trades of the teacher and the journalist. For which of these callings is specialisation at school or college necessary, and when should it begin? It seems to us obvious that specialisation should in no case begin early, for the reason that neither boy nor parent can discover at an early age any aptitude or inclination for one calling more than another. The summit of our ambition at the age of ten, we remember, was the perch behind a hansom-cab. At twelve we had decided to be a midshipman, though now we loathe a ship as heartily as Dr. Johnson. It is not until fifteen or sixteen that real aptitudes or preferences as a rule appear, and not before then should specialisation be attempted. Even at that age there is a difference of opinion about it. Sir Ray Lankester and his Neglect of Science Committee, who, like most reformers, are fanatics, are for making the natural sciences an integral part of the education in all great schools, and part of the entrance examinations at Oxford and Cambridge. The science bigots strike us as being quite as bad as the classical bigots. The Civil Service Commissioners wisely decline to side with the extreme views of either side. In the report of the committee presided over by Mr. Stanley Leathes (head of the Civil Service Commission) are

some very wise remarks, e.g.: "We do not wish candidates to adapt their education to the examination; on the contrary, the examination should be adapted to the chief forms of general education. . . . We think it necessary to give in our scheme duly proportionate weight to the various sides of University education; and in particular to give due value to the results that should be expected from a good general education. . . . We can give equal opportunity to the modern studies; the schools and universities must do the rest." The Committee make sundry recommendations to the Civil Service Commissioners, by which in the qualifying or compulsory subjects "the general principles, methods, and applications of science" are included, and in the optional or competitive subjects Greek and Latin are, as regards marks, put on an equality with modern languages, and with history and mathematics, while five branches of natural science are dealt with on the same footing. The point, however, is that the report of the Committee prudently and properly declines to interfere with the teaching of the schools and universities. Mr. Stanley Leathes opens many doors; but leaves it to the schoolmasters and the dons and their pupils to choose, for the individual candidate, a particular door or doors.

We regret to say that Sir E. Ray Lankester, in a leaflet bearing his signature, has made a very intemperate attack upon schoolmasters and dons: "It is simply absurd to allow the great schools and the old universities to administer great national funds so as to maintain, decade after decade, century after century, the vested interests of a schoolmaster class, ignorant of, and therefore hostile to, the most important national interests—the education of our best sons in the knowledge of nature. Mr. Stanley Leathes's Committee, instead of rescuing education from the professional vested interests of the classical schoolmasters, hands back the victim, after many professions of good will, to the tender mercies of those who are banded together to starve, torture, and discredit her, and remorselessly to maintain the domination and the pecuniary allurements of the classical system." This rodomontade is as foolish as it is unjust. The management of a school is a business like another. A head-master who should insist on a curriculum, which neither the parents nor the pupils wanted, would empty his school, and his pockets, and be removed by the governors or trustees. We may be pretty sure that the Civil Service Commissioners will follow Mr. Leathes rather than a hot-head like Sir Ray Lankester, and not interfere with the masters and dons. One word about the universities, Oxford and Cambridge—the London and provincial universities are mere examining bodies. We think that, for reasons given above, fewer young men than formerly will be sent to Oxford and Cambridge. But for those youths who are going to be lawyers or doctors, would it not be far better for them to learn the theory or science of their professions at Oxford and Cambridge (where there are excellent schools of law and medicine) than in Bloomsbury lodgings? And the same applies to the study of chemistry, electricity, and mineralogy. The boys must walk the hospitals and read in chambers and attend the Courts. But let them read their books at Oxford and Cambridge, where "the Long" must be reduced to six weeks.

That was a fine, flashing phrase of Brougham's, "the schoolmaster is abroad in the land." He should have rested his fame on that, and never said another word. Lamb has drawn a pathetic picture of the isolation of the schoolmaster, who never can make real friends of his pupils, either at school or in after life. Not with abuse, but with honour and trust, much rather, let us load those who give up the greatest joy of life, the mixing on equal terms with equals, for the sacred and perilous calling of a schoolmaster.

## DE MORTUIS.

"CHARITY is due to the dead as well as to the living," nobly wrote Bolingbroke. That is a true attitude towards those who have sped hence thitherward. But the trite "De Mortuis nil nisi bonum," a proverb ancient as Menander, is the platitude not of "good remembrance" but of bad oblivion. It is a silly, nay, an immoral, adage, for it presupposes not only that death cancels character but that it creates obligation—an obligation to lie by licence. It is responsible for mounds of advertising epitaphs, empty imputing every talent and virtue to those who cannot contradict them, nor is the least humorous of these the one about a great niece of "Burke the Sublime," who, among other things, "painted beautifully in water colours, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." It is responsible, too, for a flood of "Reminiscences" which are called "pleasant" reading, yet whitewash the world so drearily that they cease to have any significance, or appeal so fulsomely to coterie-worship that every molehill seems a mountain. "Swinburne I only met once: you quite forgot the frail body in the surging soul"—"No one admitted to the privilege of intimacy with Caesar Borgia could doubt his innate goodness of heart."—judgments of this order are what Plato termed the "lie in the soul," and are capable of deforming history into "La fable convenue." They resemble those relics of the true cross the profusion of which is in fact their refutation. Newspapers are great sinners in this respect. Their pet patrons or *protégés* are flourished forth as saints or geniuses, their pet aversions are persecuted, but no sooner is the breath out of each photographed body than the whole universe is unequal to apotheosis. No doubt underneath all this extravagance there does lurk a tone that is not falsetto, the voice that gladly exclaims "Let bygones be bygones." But to impute to-morrow what you begrudge to-day, or to feign hysteria because mediocrity moulders, is really a sort of inverted slander, the worst form of hybrid hypocrisy. Let us take two flagrant instances, the one of a perpetuated partisanship, the other of a prejudice transformed into "false charity but real malice" directly its butt had vanished from the scene.

Macaulay was the stout champion of Holland House, under the windows of which, as it were, his magnificent chronicle was composed. According to him Charles Fox was an angel. Nothing that he did (or owed) calls for censure or perspective. As a matter of fact, Charles Fox, with all his gifts and graces, was the most selfish of libertines, the Catiline of English politics. He had, it is true, generous instincts, but they were often indulged at the expense of others. Moreover, if he lied like truth in the cause of all mankind, he was often curiously callous where his own country was concerned. He was ready to undo India, he toasted the Jacobin cap, he was among the first to seek out Napoleon at the truce of Amiens. We need not dwell on the meanness of this high-souled hero, but will only record that at first he was ashamed to own his marriage with the devoted mistress who, for his sake, learned tongues ancient and modern, weaned him from the bottle, and eventually called the clergyman to his death-bed. But he was the choragus of the New Whigs, and that sufficed for Macaulay. Once again, Gladstone abominated Disraeli. The greater part of his life was passed in vilifying a triumphant rival. What was not passed in abuse—and he called him a devil—was passed in a Pecksniffian patronage even more offensive. With gross bad taste he kept away from his obsequies, a self-indulgence which, had Gladstone died first, Disraeli would never have perpetrated. Yet no sooner had Lord Beaconsfield expired than Gladstone concocted his funeral panegyric. He came to praise Cæsar, not to bury him, and in a manner which damned by laudation. Nothing if not moral, he dwelt on the courage and home virtues which he would wish each of his sons to emulate. Then he pictured the great statesman's return from Berlin in the Virgilian verse that celebrated the young Marcellus. And when he sat down we knew, and he knew, that, from him, most of it was a sounding brass and a tinkling

cymbal. Such praises and phrases are little short of insults. If a character be the villain of your piece, is he less so when the curtain has fallen?

All of us, most humanly, like to dwell on the best side of the departed, and it was a law of the Twelve Tables never to wrong the dead. If it were a case of

"Be to her virtues very kind;  
Be to her faults a little blind,"

who would not agree? But that is hardly the way in which the "De Mortuis" doctrine works out. Visit your club and be wise. Brown has gone the way of all flesh—old "Money" Brown, who was never known to wear a new suit or to find a shilling for the fare when you drove with him. He was a familiar figure, authoritatively vapid but a holy terror, we have heard, to his wife and daughters. "Poor Brown," murmurs Jones, "I wonder how much he has left? A thoroughly good fellow, Brown, though perhaps—eh?—just a bit of a skinflint." "Come, now," cuts in Smith, "De Mortuis, you know. Yes, I liked the old chap always—so fair-minded. He never played for more than threepenny points at bridge, though of course he could have afforded any stakes, even though he usually lost. I expect he gave away heaps anonymously, for you never saw his name in the lists. Nice and old-fashioned of him, indeed, refreshing in these days of self-advertisement." "A public-spirited man, Brown," says Robinson. "Directly the war broke out he set an example—got a topping job, too, in the Want of Intelligence Department. And though I never could get a word in edgeways, he was worth listening to; he had known everybody. Ah, we shall all miss Brown." "Rather fond of airing his grand acquaintance, though," Smith adds. "But there, there's something in everybody." Then Snooks takes up the tale—he is our wag. "Don't you remember that good story—tell me if I have told it—about Brown and poor old Serjeant Ananias." The joke itself is one of those to which the "De Mortuis" canon applies, but, encouraged by Brown's decease, Snooks bravely perseveres. "You recollect the dear old Serjeant, some of you—bit of a rip and all that, but his humour was dry, very dry. Well, one day poor Brown was lugging in every Lord that he had ever met in hotels as usual—no harm in it. Old Ananias never moved a muscle for ten minutes, but then he slowly rose, looked up at Brown with that queer Clicquot twinkle of his, and said, 'Would you mind my interposin' a remark?' 'Certainly, anything from you,' replies Brown. 'Well, then,' says Ananias in a hissing whisper, 'would you mind tellin' me, do you know any other common person beside myself?' and out he waddled like a motor-cork-screw. But it's unkind to mention these things now." And when Brown's will appears and he is known to have sacrificed his family, a chorus of indignation is checked by Green, who was always at daggers drawn with Brown, crying, "Come, come, 'De Mortuis,' now; I daresay he had very good reasons. I don't think I ever liked him so much as now that he is gone."

Not long ago we attended the memorial service of a distinguished and delightful man. He fascinated many, yet he could scarcely be called religious. A sermon was preached extolling his spiritual side, emphasising exactly that aspect of him which was anyhow unseen. Why go out of the way to make such a clerical error? That a man should assume a virtue if he has it not makes for a high standard, but that others should assume it for him seems to us almost blasphemous. No such sacrilege can ever befall the splendid chivalry that is dying and suffering to save us. A hollow note, thank God, is there impossible.

Montaigne preached this homily centuries ago. He blames the ill-grace of those who, "when they lose an old acquaintance" "strive to give him false praises and make him quite another thing when we have lost sight of him than he appeared to us when we did see him: as if regret was an instructive thing, or that tears, by washing our understandings, cleared them. For my part, I henceforth renounce all favourable testimonies men would give of me, not because I shall not be worthy of them, but because I shall be dead." Silence is Death's eloquence, and those old Attic tombstones where hand



clasps hand or gaze meets gaze intently would bid us feel that the "De Mortuis" posture masquerades in the face of eternity.

### GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH.

THE above headline is Sir Thomas Beecham's own. Some day, perhaps, he will be content in the knowledge that the "in English" is no longer essential. He may even enjoy the privilege eventually of describing his enterprise as "The Opera," *tout court*, with the pleasant assurance of complete understanding on the part of the London public that it means opera sung in their own native tongue, not in Italian, or French, or any other language, unless so specified. That will be a distinct gain. Years ago Carl Rosa was wont to express irritation in the frankest way over the fact that the normal representation of opera in the metropolis involved the employment of a foreign text. "Why," he would ask, "should our principal opera-house be subject to a condition that would not be tolerated in a third-rate Continental theatre? You will see the time when the positions will be exactly reversed. Opera in English will be the rule and opera in a foreign language the exception." That time is not yet; but, thanks largely to the circumstance that Covent Garden has been closed for three years (save only when its doors have opened to receive Government furniture into "cold storage" until after the war), it may be regarded as appreciably nearer at hand.

Meanwhile, one is inclined to ask whether English opera is not actually recovering some of its pristine popularity in London. Will Sir Thomas Beecham, when he goes to Manchester next month, once more charge this benighted city with callousness and indifference towards "Grand Opera in English"? The season which ended at Drury Lane last Saturday was, on the whole, fairly well attended, that is, after making allowance for the deterrent effect exercised by the air raids. During the last week or two the theatre was crowded at nearly every performance. At such a moment it would be hardly fair to expect more. The appetite of music-lovers still grows by what it feeds upon, and history affords ample evidence to controvert the statement that this is not an opera-loving community. Nor are comparisons with Manchester on this score invariably just. It is an old story now, how Charles Hallé fostered the musical taste of the Lancashire city; how Hans Richter carried on the work; how Carl Rosa nourished and developed its liking for opera in the vernacular; in a word, how three great teachers imparted between them a highly-specialised education to a limited but well-trained and wealthy public. There, and in a lesser degree at Birmingham, Glasgow, and other provincial centres visited now by the Beecham troupe, the operatic soil has been peculiarly prepared to yield a profitable harvest, with present immunity from air disturbances to help the cause further.

It is easy, then, to understand this preference for the North. There the business means profit. In London, now as always, it spells loss—diminishing, but still loss. No wonder Sir Thomas Beecham offers his new opera-house to Manchester, not to this half-cultured metropolis. He only asks in return an open site of half a square mile or so in the very centre of the town, which so far, it would seem, the civic authorities have not seen their way to grant. However, during the forthcoming six weeks' visit which the troupe begins on Boxing Day, the impresario-conductor may conceivably persuade them to alter their minds. In any event the gift may be regarded as lost to London. We shall never possess a worthy opera-house, State-subsidised or not, until Covent Garden is no more, or until the proper site becomes available at or near the spot where Charing Cross Station still blocks the view.

Similar reasons, according to an interview which appeared in a Sunday paper, may be held to account for the non-production of the promised English novelties. "I have refrained from producing them," said Sir Thomas, "in consequence of the inauspiciousness

of the moment. It is no use firing off powder and shot if you have nothing to hit. It is difficult enough to make an English opera go at the best possible moment. It would be an act of lunacy to produce it at any other time, because English audiences would put down an empty house to a bad opera, and not to any other cause." That is not altogether a fair argument. London audiences showed years ago that they knew how to appreciate (and differentiate between) the new English operas of their day; they simply packed Drury Lane to hear works like Goring Thomas's 'Esmeralda' and 'Nadasha'; while Sullivan's 'Ivanhoe' had a run of over 150 nights at what is now the Palace Theatre. Give Londoners the right material (if it is to be had), give it the same chance as is afforded the operas of Puccini, and the "powder and shot" will not be wasted. True, Sir Thomas Beecham's earlier experiments in this direction did not achieve the happiest results; nevertheless, it would be unjust to lay upon the public the burden of responsibility for keeping new operas by native composers out of the bill. Surely it must be the constant high purpose of the British impresario to encourage British talent, and, even at some pecuniary risk, to strive to identify "Grand Opera in English" with English Grand Opera.

Unquestionably the main feature of the season just ended has been the success of the Mozart and the Italian revivals. The comparative failure of the Russian operas, with the possible exception of 'Boris Godounov,' proves clearly enough that the pre-war rush to hear these things—done, however, by their native interpreters—was something of an evanescent craze. Anyhow, operas like 'Ivan the Terrible' are too lugubrious, too charged with unrelieved gloom, to appeal here at the present time, if at all. We prefer a brighter entertainment, even in the opera-house, to help us to forget our troubles. We may sympathise with a Mimi or a Tosca, or even spare a furtive tear for the lovable Madame Butterfly; we can revel in the Paris of Louise, and feast our eyes upon the Egyptian setting of Aida—what time we thoroughly enjoy the fine music of these modern works. But the outstanding fact remains that our public proclaims its warmest preference of all for Mozart and melody. Hence the interesting record that the revival of 'The Marriage of Figaro' has been played throughout to crowded houses.

Here was no mere *reprise* of a time-worn masterpiece. From first to last it was new, almost painfully new; seen amid strange, odd surroundings, like some huge Rubens or Paul Veronese that has been "restored" and furnished with a frame that catches the eye more than does the picture. Some points about the restoration were good, some deserving of praise, some not. The idea of getting back to the comedy of 'Beaumarchais' was excellent, and gave rise to excellent fooling; albeit, on the last night of the season the present writer was prone to suspect that much of the comedy had degenerated into undiluted farce. Spanish or French, the characters of the immortal intrigue were hard to recognise. The gaudy, glaring background of the Bakst-Reinhardt *mise en scène* threw everybody and everything into strong relief, and the amusing fashion-plates of the Louis XV. period were never more graphically illustrated. The vast farthingale skirts, the monstrous head-gear, the boldly-painted faces, all seemed to disguise out of knowledge the sweet Countess Rosina, the sprightly Susanna, the vixenish Marcellina, and the rest of them. What was worse, they distracted one's attention from the music and singing. But they made the people laugh. Nor were the men much better off. Was this vain, lovesick swain the real Almaviva of Beaumarchais? Was this butler-like, saltatory servant of the period his incomparable Figaro? Was this jerky little gentleman in the Rosenkavalier costume his delightful Cherubino? Alas, I knew them as little by their dress as by their manners. Far more legitimate, because less exaggerated as types and in their acting, were the Bartolo and the Basilio. They evoked plenty of laughter, and deserved it.



In a musical sense, the revival was no less original. It provided, therefore, abundant food for thought. Mozart demands fine singers, and of these there are not too many available, so that it does not do to criticise closely, much less to institute comparisons with the past, on the question of vocal adequacy. The young artists did their best with the heavy task imposed upon them, and on the whole they acquitted themselves with credit. It would be invidious, therefore, to mention names without entering upon details for which no space remains. The wonderful ensembles went with ample spirit, but most of them were taken at a much too rapid pace. And this leads to a word in conclusion about the *tempi*, especially in the first act. If Sir Thomas Beecham is right about these, then the traditions of a whole century, dating from Mozart himself, were hopelessly wrong.

#### TO AUGUSTE RODIN.

Rodin: who didst divine, in clay concealed,  
The prison'd spirits; whose controlling hand  
Freed them, to live and leave the phantom's land;  
Unveiling shapes enshrouded, half-revealed,  
Till forms steeped forth, by magic Art appealed,  
In heavenly beauty or rude strength, to stand  
As struck with death in birth at thy command;  
To breathless bronze or pallid stone congealed—  
Poet and sculptor, like to him who wrought  
In fair Firenze, save that thou didst write  
No sonnet, e'en in marble, and no rime  
Beyond sad harmonies thou mayst have caught  
With ear to earth, when sounds the dirge of night  
And all the planets move to mark the time.

[Mr. Justice Darling has kindly allowed us to republish the above sonnet, which he wrote some years ago, and has slightly altered.—Ed., S.R.]

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### HOME RULE FOR INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your admirable article on "Home Rule for India," in your issue of 1st September, does not appear to have attracted the attention which the importance of the subject demands. It is not too much to say that the future of India for many years to come and its place in the British Empire depend in great measure on the results of the Secretary of State's mission. For this reason it is greatly to be regretted that such a mission should have been undertaken in the midst of a great war, when the entire energies of Government and the people are, or should be, devoted to the problems of bringing it to a successful conclusion, and the no less pressing problems of subsequent reconstruction in Great Britain itself.

The fundamental fact that has to be made clear is that the "demands" of the "people of India" are put forward by an exceedingly minute fraction. Bengal is generally considered to be the most advanced Province in India; yet at the last census in 1911 the number of those literate in English was returned as between 1 per cent. and 2 per cent. It is only this small fraction that has any ideas on political subjects at all, and of them, again, it is only a small fraction from whom the demands emanate. This has been very clearly shown by recent happenings. That party to whose loud-voiced clamour we may attribute Mr. Montagu's mission has adopted Mrs. Besant as its chosen leader and her policy of uncompromising Home Rule. When in 1907 the split in the National Congress occurred at Surat, and the Extremists were ejected, there is no doubt they were a small and discredited minority; and had the Government then taken up a strong line there is little doubt that moderate opinion in India would have been on its side. But pursuing the same policy in India as Mr. Morley had pursued in Ireland, it said nothing, while the language of the Extremists became more outrageous and their demands more extravagant. On the contrary, on several occa-

sions it did things which could be interpreted only as weak concessions to clamour, until the Moderates became imbued with the idea that without copying the methods of the Extremists they could hope to attain nothing. The result was that the programme of the Moderates in 1917 goes far beyond that of the Extremists in 1907, and there is now no distinction in the ranks of the active politicians. What manner of men these are may be judged by their behaviour in the present crisis. In spite of the most urgent appeals by the Viceroy for the dropping of all controversial matters during the war, they have not ceased to press their demands insistently in language that shows a steady tendency to increase in violence, and in response to his further appeal for a calm and dispassionate examination of proposals in view of Mr. Montagu's visit, they have launched out into a flood of public speeches more vituperative and filled with a more open antagonism to the presence of the British in India, in any capacity, than has ever before been heard outside the ranks of declared revolutionaries.

To anyone who knows India the Home Rulers' programme is, of course, mere midsummer madness. To mention only one of the numerous rocks on which it would inevitably split, it depends on the amiable fiction of the complete unity of interest of Hindus and Mahomedans, a subject which at the moment of writing is receiving significant illustration in Behar, where, in an area of some hundreds of square miles, a state little short of civil war has supervened over the cow-killing question, and considerable bodies of troops have had to be sent to deal with it. That there is room for development towards self-government and a closer association of the people with the administration in many directions, such as local and municipal government, education, sanitation, and the like, will not be denied by anyone; but there is nothing spectacular about these; they do not lend themselves to impassioned oratory and quotations from Burke, nor do they promise a large supply of remunerative posts, and so all the emphasis is laid on the other branches of reform. But it is precisely in these that the necessity for any change is least apparent. Since the Minto-Morley reforms no further development along these lines is possible, whether in the direction of larger non-official representation or of making resolutions binding on the Executive, without putting into the hands of the non-officials an amount of power which would be tantamount to a betrayal of our responsibilities towards the mass of the population. But, in any case, to assert that more power should be given to the Legislative Councils at once is absurd, for they have not yet begun to take full advantage of the Minto-Morley scheme. That secured to the non-official element a position in which, if they had known how to use it, they could have brought such pressure to bear on the Government as to secure the passing of any reasonable measure about which they were united in their demands. The fact is, however, that while the non-official members have shown themselves the keenest critics of Government action—and the value of some at least of the criticism has been freely acknowledged by the authorities—they have been lamentably deficient in constructive proposals. In particular, they do not seem to consider that for the carrying out of the vast and nebulous schemes of reform which they advocate funds are necessary, and they strenuously oppose all suggestions for increased taxation; their one idea for finding the money is to cut down the expenditure on the police establishment, the police being to them the authors of most of the crime and poverty of the country. At the last Budget debate in the Bengal Council a lump sum was proposed by Government to be allocated to improvement of the housing of the police, and no fewer than, I think, eleven separate and mutually contradictory motions were tabled by non-official members for using the money otherwise. Until they organise themselves and use the powers they possess effectually, it is surely premature to talk of giving them more powers.

In conclusion, if Mr. Montagu is determined to overhaul the entire machinery of government, is it necessary

for him to display such feverish haste? Instructions for submitting representations were issued on 14th October, and all representations must be ready by 10th November. One month hardly seems an adequate time in which to devise a new constitution.

I am, etc.,

ANTI-HOME RULE.

Bengal, 18th October.

#### FEMALE DRESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow me to thank W. H. J. for his letter in your issue of the 17th on "Clothes of the Female," in which he protests against the indecency, in more senses than one, of the way in which smart women are dressing in this, the fourth year of this awful war? One only wishes that more men would have the courage to make like protests. The heartless bad taste of extravagant *outré* dressing in these days of almost universal sorrow and bereavement is simply glaring. When brutal Huns are using Belgian women they have torn from their homes as beasts of burden, when our own women here at home among the very poor are seeing their children wanting sufficient food because the price of it is beyond their reach, it revolts every right-minded human being to read in the papers that the wife of a celebrated politician has just given £250 for a fur coat, and that the black and gold brocade dress of the wife of another celebrated politician was, "we understand, one of the very latest creations." Aye! and most likely cost what would keep a family of hungry children for months and months or send bitterly needed comforts to our unhappy prisoners languishing in foul German prisons. Is the bitter sorrow of millions, the awful sufferings so heroically borne by our fighting men, the tragedy of wrecked homes, murdered and outraged women and children, insufficient to prevent these smart women from dressing in a way which, as your correspondent quotes, "almost makes a man doubt his earliest beliefs in the decency of womanhood"? These women are, I know, in a minority, but a minority which chiefly figures in society papers, and so does an infinity of harm from one end of the country to the other, let alone the disgust and shame with which it inspires the "Women who Don't." Will not the artists of the stage, who so often and so nobly have given their help during this war, give it once again and set the fashion on the stage of simple, inexpensive dressing suitable to women belonging to a nation in the agonies of a struggle for life and death, and teach these women that such dress can still be attractive and beautiful though possessing the stamp of an almost forgotten grace of seemliness and modesty?—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

EVELYN TEMPLETOWN.

10, Onslow Crescent, S.W., Nov. 22, 1917.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Timidly shrinking in small print on an inner page of *The Times* there appears almost daily a letter from somebody or other protesting against the extravagance of women's dress. I would wager a decent sum that the postboxes of the editors of all the daily papers are crammed with letters on the subject. Why are they not published? Because without the advertisements from the drapers and the dressmakers and the jewellers and the furriers the great dailies simply could not appear at all. I do not grudge these advertisements to the proprietors, as I realise the terrible national calamity it would be if some of these papers should cease to appear. All I beg of the editors is to drop the cant of economy.—Yours obediently,

L'HOMME QUI PAYE.

#### MESOPOTAMIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

54, Curzon-street, W.

November 27, 1917.

SIR,—Some weeks ago you asked if our statesmen had any idea as to what we are going to do with Mesopotamia when we have got it, and you affirm

that the only sensible policy is to give it back to the Turk. I trust that the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW are not generally in agreement with you on that point. Assuredly a large number of people in this country have a clear idea, and that is, that the territories conquered, or that may be conquered, in the more modern provinces of Baghdad and Syria, should be treated as that huge district in Africa between Egypt and the Great Lakes was treated after Lord Kitchener's victory at Khartoum. The flag is up at Baghdad and in Palestine, and there may it remain, as the symbol of liberty, security, and peace in that part of the earth, once prosperous, but for centuries past a wilderness under the blighting and effete Government of the Turk, a race of usurpers who are not of the blood from which the creed of Islam enjoins the choice of Caliph, and we are not at war with that race, the birthright of which the true Moslem believes is ordained to furnish the prophet's legitimate successor. Our Government is pledged to rescue the Christians of Asia Minor, of which Syria is a part, from the rule of the Sultan, and has therefore obligations in that province.

The practical optimist turns apparent disadvantages into advantages, and it would seem as though Turkey, having chosen to take up arms against us, is a gain to us, as we can, as victors, make terms for which as an ally we could not hope. Are we, now that we have the power, going to squander the fruits of victory, and to allow this huge fertile territory, one of the granaries of the world, with its vast possibilities, to remain unproductive, misgoverned, oppressed, and wasted? If we want inspiration let us look at Egypt in 1882 and to-day—then revolution, civil war, bankruptcy, an industrious population taxed to death. To-day—Liberty, good public credit, prosperity, security, and peace internally.

Again, look at India—the story of that collection of States was once one of wars, pestilence, and famines. To-day, especially since the assumption of sovereignty by the British Crown some sixty years ago, the commercial, agricultural, and financial progress of India is unparalleled in the history of the world.

Of our work in the world we have no cause to be ashamed: the late Lord Dufferin said that we could not now, even if we would, disinherit ourselves of that destiny with which we are manifestly endowed. We did not seek a quarrel with Turkey—it has come—General Maude has conquered, and his successors can doubtless complete his conquest, and it may be that, in its results, that victory may be the greatest of the war.

Certain objections by France to the conquest of Syria are surmised, but such are incredible. If there is any such, let us keep in trust such part as might be desired by our Ally, until the French Republic is prepared to undertake the duties and responsibilities of administration. This would be better surely than to break faith with oppressed populations. Some of us remember Disraeli and the Berlin treaty, by which we got the control of Cyprus, as the *point d'appui* of an Eastern policy, and a protectorate of Asia Minor, which its Christian population so much need at the present time. Then a great northern Power was always pressing southwards to India.

In this generation another Power has been fidgeting in the same direction, and has avowed its aim of a naval base on the Persian Gulf. In Disraeli's time an alliance with Turkey as a buffer State was a wise preventive. In our time Providence has put it into our hands ourselves to prevent, and to uproot for a century at least, and perhaps for all time, this constant menace of war. What is valuable is worth preserving. India is a magnet to militarism. A wise man, millenaries ago, said that, if you have possessions, you must hedge them about with thorns.

We have it in our power now to thwart the possible designs of both Teuton and Tartar, and either or both may be dangerous.

There are certain things that statesmen may not seek to do, or want to do, but must do, if they are to be true to the trust reposed in them, and surely to keep the flag flying in Baghdad and Syria is one of them. Under that flag there is no oppression, but liberty and security. No one but the robber and the brigand is dispossessed or interfered with; all creeds, all customs, all races are respected. We surely ought not to be frightened by phrases.

Annexation, forsooth! can that degree of rule which takes nothing but gives everything be so described, although for a conquered country to be forcibly fed with Kultur by the officials of a German Kaiser might perhaps merit that appellation?

You ask what we are to do with Mesopotamia? I would answer that by saying what we ought not to do with it is to leave it an unprotected orphan in the hands of enemies. To use a silly but expressive term, we should be tempting Providence to upset us in the future if we did. If that retention entails the spread in some degree of the beneficent influence of the British Crown over savage lands, we must have confidence that we have at the helm men who will unflinchingly

do their duty to the population of conquered territories which have fallen under our care; men who will not cower before a canting phrase, nor shirk the claims of Empire through "craven fear of being great." We must hope as fervent well-wishers of the Government that this war may not show in the future a record of lost opportunities.

Your obedient servant,

J. F. L. ROLLESTON.

[We are certainly in favour of retaining Baghdad, Basra, and the mouths of the river, and thought we had said so.—Ed. S.R.]

#### TURK OR ARAB?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will you allow comment on the article "Mr. Balfour on Imperialism" in your issue of November 17th? Some of us, ardent Imperialists, have an ideal before us of an Empire comparable to that of the poet Dante. This Empire must be wholly Christian in its sway. And support of Turkey was always the policy of statesmen who were opportunists rather than Christians. Now, opportunism is sheer Prussianism, and applied to matters of great moment is a crime. A certain callous pragmatism, a merely nugatory Christianity, has been for too long the hall-mark of statesmanship. That this condition of things should pass away, that we should have the courage to assert Christian principles is to some of us the one ray of light in the prevailing darkness. In pre-war days, with a quiescent Turkey, it may have been difficult for some Englishmen to renounce their admiration for the alleged gentleman-like qualities of the Turk, but now that Turkey has deliberately betrayed us, let us for all time end our wicked and ill-advised support of Christianity's determined foe. When the writer of the above-mentioned article adduces reasons for our consideration of the sanctity of Jerusalem to the Moslem, has he quite forgotten any reasons for our consideration of the sanctity of Jerusalem to the Christian? But this lukewarmness in our attitude towards our own faith is due to the chilling effect of German philosophy, which in its source and aim is identical with the philosophy of the Turk. This is a cynical Monism which sneers at the distinction between right and wrong, and deliberately announces that black is the same as white. Prussian and Turkish ideals are the same—the sword being the instrument for the ruling of the world.

Yours faithfully,

FLORENCE GAY (MRS.)

Heaths, Haslemere, Surrey.

[Is the writer aware that the Mohammedan subjects of King George are about ten times as numerous as his Christian subjects, and that the Arabs, to whom it is proposed to hand over Asiatic Turkey, are also Mohammedans?—ED., S. R.]

#### "THE JEWS AND PALESTINE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I see you consider the proposal to restore Palestine to the Jews "fantastic." Has nobody, suggested to you that it is foretold in Scripture, and has therefore *got to be*? As a matter of fact, it has been expected about this very time by numbers of people. One would think that the Bible ought to come by its own in an age when so many of its predictions are being verified in utterly incalculable ways.

Yours faithfully,

12, King Edward's Drive, W. S. HOOTON.  
Harrogate, Nov. 20, 1917.

#### "THE PATIENCE OF THE ENGLISH."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. H. Christian Mellor pays a fine tribute to the justice of English members of Parliament, who never think of using their numerical preponderance to override the Scottish minority in matters in which the latter should have the decisive word; and I should like to thank him for it.

May I suggest that if he will examine with equal fairness many of the Scottish appointments made during the war, and the policy of the Scotsmen so appointed, he will, I think, appreciate the irritation felt by English people, that the justice they mete out to the Scots should be so little reciprocated? While fully agreeing that there are many honourable exceptions, not a few Scotsmen hardly appear to realise that as State officers they represent not only Scotland and Scots interests but the United Kingdom as a whole. The systematic way in which they appoint their own countrymen is inequitable in itself, and in my mind injurious to the Empire.

The SATURDAY REVIEW takes me to task for the bitterness of my letter—and, perhaps, it was too bitter; but may I point out that, in the same issue, the SATURDAY REVIEW itself remarks that, to ask the English nation to submit itself body and soul to the Geddes triumvirate, is trying English patience rather high?

I am, yours faithfully,

"A BELIEVER IN ENGLAND."

Nov. 25.

[Not because they are Scottish, but because they are a triumvirate.—ED., S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eastbourne, 27 November.

SIR,—Every Englishman, every patriot will readily admit how much we owe to Scotland. We see it in our colonies, we see it in Ulster, and it is only a pity, when we think of what they have made of Ulster, that the whole of Ireland was not given to them. It would be rather a different country then from what it is now.

But when your correspondent mentions Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig he should admit that Scotland has also given us Lord Haldane, who reduced the Artillery; and Mr. McKenna, who lost for us the two-Power standard and dismissed the Coastguards. "Ah, if we had only had those ninety-six guns at Mons that Lord Haldane did away with," said one of the very few surviving officers (and he was wounded) of the 1st Battalion Black Watch to me in October, 1914, "how different it might have been!" Alas! within six weeks he was killed.

We know now, too, thanks to Mr. McKenna, how Germans, under pretence of yachting, were able to take soundings and examine our coasts at their leisure through the loss of the Coastguard. Again, it was Scotland who found a haven of refuge for two Englishmen who have conferred benefits on our country as great as the two Scots—viz., Mr. Asquith (Aberdeen), who admitted at Cardiff on the 4th October, 1914, that in 1912 he knew what was coming, but did nothing to warn us—he preferred to "wait and see"; and Mr. Winston Churchill (Dundee), whose wild cat schemes at Antwerp and the Dardanelles have cost the Empire such tens of thousands of brave young lives. I do not think we need thank Scotland for that; but I am not writing in a captious or carping spirit, for no one admires the Scots more than I do; but it is only fair to look on both pictures.

ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

#### IMPERIALISM AND ARMENIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your issue of the 17th November you ask where Armenia is, and then proceed to answer that before the war there were six Turkish vilayets which the Armenians chose to call Armenia. These six vilayets are called Armenia not because the Armenians choose to call them so, but also foreigners—at least those who can consider the written history as a whole use that term as the best geographical convenience. And this for two obvious reasons: the first is the long historical association of that geographical area with the



Armenians. As everybody knows, many conquerors have overrun that land, and, after holding a longer or shorter sway over it, have eventually disappeared, except the native Armenians who still survive.

Secondly, those six vilayets cannot be called Turkish because in three of them there are no Turks, and in the remaining three to the west and south they are so much mixed with Turks and Arabs that they scarcely remember their origin. It cannot be Kurdistan, because the original home of the Kurds is in the Turco-Persian mountains, east and south-east of the so-called Armenia, and it is in the last 200—300 years that Kurds have expanded into Armenia, when the latter under the blighting rule of Turkey was deprived of the means of keeping the Kurds off from its homes; as it had managed to do up to the end of the sixteenth century. Neither can those six vilayets be called Russian, German, or British. For the lack of a better qualification, therefore, historians and geographers, basing themselves on certain obvious circumstances, have called those provinces Armenia.

As to your assertion of the Christian element being only 33 per cent. of the population of those provinces, your writer is not quite correct. According to the estimate of the Armenian Patriarchate in 1912, to which you seem to refer, the Armenians alone constituted 38 per cent., and all Christian elements about 46 per cent., exclusive of several tens of thousands of Yezidis who in 1915 took refuge in the Caucasus with the Armenians, and of powerful Kurdish tribes of the Dersim stock who saved 20,000 Armenian neighbours in 1915, and since then have been in open rebellion against the Turks.

This war, in particular, has brought to light the prevalent misconception of classing Kurds as a whole as partisans of Turks or their regime. About 70 per cent. of Kurds settled in the so-called Armenia are peaceful and sedentary people, addicted to agriculture and cattle breeding. This majority of the Kurdish population under the Turk suffered almost as much as the Christian, and if reports of recent years by British Consular officers in Armenia were published they would have shown how far these Kurds were oppressed by the Turkish Vali and Zaptieh or by their agents.

Many people have been wondering how it happens that after the appalling tragedy of 1915 there are still Armenians left to build up the new Armenia. That is one of the undying features of the Armenian people which Imperialists of a certain type will never realise. Leaving out of account altogether the Armenians at present in Turkey, either deported to Mesopotamia or scattered in Asia Minor, there are at least 500,000 Armenian refugees who have sought security in Russian Transcaucasia since 1893. Further, in consequence of the Peace of Adrianople, when the Russians evacuated Erzerum in 1829, 90,000 Armenians of the province followed the Russian Army into Transcaucasia and settled in Ardahan and Akhiltzihi districts, which the Georgians rightly claim as part of their country. These refugees have so much increased in numbers that in certain parts of Transcaucasia people are suffering from the scarcity of arable land and poor means of irrigation, and are too anxious to return to the fertile valleys owned and tilled by their ancestors. This anxiety for returning home was equally evinced by Armenian colonies in the United States, Egypt, and the Balkans as soon as an opportunity was offered in 1908, after the proclamation of a Constitutional Government in Turkey. The Adana massacres in April, 1909, however, warned the Armenians to remain where they were.

We must reserve our judgment as to the nature of the interpretation which an impartial court of justice would have placed upon what your writer calls a traitorous minority. Self-defence in face of a threatened murder was the only thing which the Armenians could resort to where they could, and the result of it in Van showed, as in the past, that armed resistance against deliberate massacre by Turks was the only argument understood by the Turk.

If your writer would spare the time to look up the various German, Danish, American, etc., evidence as

embodied in the 'Treatment of the Armenians in the Ottoman Empires in 1915-16' (published by the Foreign Office), he will see that provocation in every case came from the Turks and not the Armenians, who in certain places took up arms to defend themselves when the massacres had already begun.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,  
A. S. SAFRASTIAN.

47A, Redcliffe Square, S.W.10.

#### GERMAN VALOUR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The story of St. Ursula and the 11,000 virgins slain with her, which Mr. Morris brings forward in your issue of 3 November, is legend rather than history. Rationalisers (see, for instance, Max Müller's "Science of Language") have even reduced the virgins to two, the name of the second being Undecimilla. But the story is certainly apt to-day.

Yours truly,  
STUDENT.

#### SENECA AND CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Seneca is St. Paul's superior in logic, the latter weakens his arguments when trying to prove them.

For instance, when he affirms his belief in a future life, he adds: "Else what shall they do, which have been baptised for the dead, if the dead rise not at all?" "Why then are they baptised for the dead?"

Two questions, the answer to which is obvious, are no proof of a future life.

WALTER WINANS.

Carlton Hotel, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Nov. 20th, 1917.

#### GERMAN PERFIDY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The perfidy of German Foreign Policy is no new growth. Breach of faith and violation of pledges have been the standing policy of Prussia ever since the days of Frederick the Great. To confine myself to the last half-century, Germany invited Austria in 1864 to join her in robbing Denmark of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. Austria gladly joined in the promenade of piracy, and was justly punished two years later. In 1866 Germany turned round and beat her confederate Austria in the six weeks' war. Of the forged Ems telegram that provoked the Franco-German war in 1870, we all know. In 1889 Count Munster, German Ambassador in London, was instructed to open the question of Heligoland, assuring Lord Salisbury that war between England and Germany was unthinkable. All the naval authorities opposed the cession; but the War Office wiseacres thought it of no importance, and in an evil hour Lord Salisbury consented. In 1897 the German Ambassador opened his battery of flattery upon Mr. Arthur Balfour, and in November of the same year Germany occupied Kiau-chow, "to the great advantage of China, of commerce, and of this country," Mr. Arthur Balfour said. In 1899 the Deutsche Bank Syndicate obtained from the Sultan a concession for the extension of the Anatolian railway to Bagdad. In 1900 Germany induced Lord Salisbury to sign an agreement for the pursuit of a common policy in the Far East, and to soothe the national distrust the Kaiser attended the Queen's funeral. A few years later the Crown Prince of Germany travelled through our Indian Empire, as a sportsman nominally, in reality as a spy. Thus we see Germany creeping on with panther-like strides until she gets within springing distance. But she has sprung into a death-trap this time.

Yours faithfully,  
DIPLOMATICUS.

## REVIEWS.

## KEATS AND HIS CIRCLE.

John Keats. His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics and After Fame. By Sidney Colvin. Macmillan. 18s. net.

"WHAT porridge had John Keats?" inquired Browning in one of his rough-hewn conversational lyrics. Little enough, to be sure, in his lifetime, but the deficiency has been gradually made good by various bountiful appreciators, it being reserved to Sir Sidney Colvin to bestow the crowning largesse, which, it may at once be said, is of unimpeachable quality. Manifestly a labour of love, this admirable work, illuminated throughout with thorough knowledge and fine critical acumen, deserves to take high rank in the select company of kindred classics. But the book is not only of absorbing interest as a masterly presentment of the poet and his work; it also teems with vivid studies of the circle in which he lived, that curious medley of genius and mediocrity which was destined to be his environment to the close of his fitful career.

Of Keats's early days we are told little that is new, but in a passage describing his father there is recorded a circumstance which suggests an interesting speculation. Thomas Keats—a worthy of the "industrious apprentice" type, who from being head-stableman to a job-master, whose daughter he won, eventually succeeded to the business—with laudable ambition thought of sending his sons to Harrow, but was deterred by considerations of expense. If this intention had been carried out it is not impossible that the famous school on the hill, where Keats would have just missed being the contemporary of Byron and "Barry Cornwall," might have materially influenced his mind and temperament, in some respects, at any rate, to his advantage. Moreover, as an Harrovian he would certainly have been spared Byron's onslaughts, for Byron was strongly actuated by *esprit de corps*, and always had a soft corner in his heart for his old school and its *alumni*. Not that his outbursts against Keats ought to be taken too seriously; he was given to such ebullitions when in one of his "satanic" moods, and would make short work of even his intimate friends. But the tornado was apt quickly to spend itself, and in a calmer frame of mind he would regret his violence and be open to make amends. This, however, by the way. At Enfield Keats probably received a sounder education than would have been vouchsafed to him at Harrow, and at all events he made there, in the person of his preceptor's son, a friend whom he could ill have spared. The glimpses of the society by which Keats was surrounded are, as we have said, singularly interesting. The first of its members to cross the scene is Leigh Hunt, the vulgar, kindly, impecunious *poseur*, who earned not unwelcome martyrdom by some crude abuse of the Prince Regent in the columns of the *Examiner*, and in quartering himself on Byron with his sponging, slipshod spouse and irritating offspring, provided the noble bard with an object-lesson on the perils of impulsive invitations. A warm appreciator of Keats, whose senior he was by some years, to judge by the following incident he was hardly the kind of admirer to exercise a wholesome influence: "One day in early spring (1817) the whim seized them over their wine to crown themselves 'after the manner of the elder bards.' Keats crowned Hunt with a wreath of ivy, Hunt crowned Keats with a wreath of laurel, and each, while sitting so adorned, wrote a pair of sonnets expressive of his feelings. While they were in the act of composition, it seems, three lady callers came in—conceivably the three Misses Reynolds, of whom we shall hear more anon, Jane, afterwards Mrs. Thomas Hood, Marianne, and their young sister Charlotte. When visitors were announced Hunt took off his wreath, and suggested that Keats should do the same; he, however, 'in his enthusiastic way, declared he would not take off his crown for any human being,' and accordingly wore it as long as the visit lasted." It was fortunate for Keats that the fame of this exploit in "mutual admiration" was confined to

the heights of Hampstead; had it reached Albemarle-street the *Quarterly* "slashers" would have profited by the opportunity to some purpose.

Of Lamb Sir Sidney Colvin gives us a brilliant little dry-point which will be treasured by all lovers of that exquisitely whimsical genius. It follows a description of Hazlitt, also a striking portrait: "Lamb, noticeable, in contrast, by his neat, sombrely clad, small figure on its spindle legs and his handsome, romantic head; by his hurried stammering utterance, and too often, alas! his vinous flush and step almost as titubant as his tongue; but most of all by that air of genius, of insight and caprice, of deep tenderness and freakish wisdom, quick to break from him in sudden illuminating phrases at any moment and in any manner, save the expected."

There is, too, a fascinating glimpse of Shelley, delicate and fastidious, engaged in an argument against Christianity, with, as orthodoxy's champion, the bull-necked, blatant Haydon, whose views as to the functions of Providence appear to have been much on a par with those of the German Emperor. Shelley, though drawn to Keats, found him somewhat unforthcoming, the cause, according to Hunt, being the younger poet's sensitiveness concerning his origin. But, as Sir Sidney Colvin points out, it is much more likely that his aloofness was attributable to the knowledge that Shelley's purse was in constant requisition by his thriftless literary friends, among whom he had no desire to be ranked. Apart from this, however, their natures were very far from being in harmony, the spiritual, exalted, visionary Shelley presenting many characteristics which to Keats, with his leaven of less ethereal elements, were decidedly uncongenial. Consequently, to the last they never really approximated.

Let us now turn from the poet's friends and consider the portrait of himself, painted by Sir Sidney Colvin at full-length, with a convincing touch. It is a complex study. Manly yet emotional, pure of heart, yet acutely susceptible to sensuous influences; infinitely tender yet fiery-tempered; radiant-souled yet prone to the darkest depression; full of courage yet almost feminine in point of sensitiveness—an embodiment, in short, of golden qualities appreciably tinged with alloy: such is the impression that we gather from the author's finely wrought presentment, and with these vital characteristics in perpetual conflict it is not difficult to understand that Keats readily fell a prey to the "fever and the fret" by which he was prematurely consumed. Of his tragical progress to the tomb we are given a harrowing record, with a detailed account of the *Blackwood* and *Quarterly* episodes. Of the two, the *Blackwood* critic was, if possible, the more outrageous. His so-called review was simply an expectoration of brutal spite. Of literary quality it did not contain a single particle. Alluding to Keats's early connection with the medical calling, the writer thus fitly consummates his pot-house philippic: "It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop, Mr. John, back to 'plasters, pills, and ointment boxes, etc.' But for heaven's sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been in your poetry."

It is a deplorable fact that for this atrocious insult Lockhart was mainly responsible. But he was not the only culprit. There was an organised band of criminals. The critics attached to the famous magazines of that day seem to have been possessed by a demon of cruelty. Even the normally genial and kindly Sydney Smith confessed that when accredited to the *Edinburgh* he and a colleague would sit up into the small hours trying to squeeze out one more drop of vitriol for the torture of their victims.

The immediate effect on Keats of these infamous attacks must have sorely disappointed his assailants. Though lacerated, he was not broken. Writing to his brother after one of them he says: "There have been two letters in my defence in the *Chronicle* and one in the *Examiner*, copied from the Exeter paper, and written by Reynolds. I don't know who wrote



those in the *Chronicle*. This is a mere matter of the moment. I think I shall be among the English poets after my death." Commenting on this and other expressions of indifference, Sir Sidney Colvin rightly observes that "they have led to the assumption that Shelley and Byron were totally misled and wide of the mark when they believed that *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* had killed Keats, or even much hurt him. But the truth is that not they, but their consequences did help to kill him. . . . What actually happened was that, when a year or so later Keats began to realise the harm which the reviews had done and were doing to his material prospects, these consequences, in his darker hours, preyed on him severely, and conspired with the forces of disease and passion to his undoing."

The "force of passion" was certainly a powerful ally to that of disease. To borrow Swinburne's expression, it had "seized him by the throat," tearing and rending him with pitiless insistence. His passion, in fact, flared into a kind of delirium which haunted him to the end. Of the woman who inspired it there is apparently little to be told. She was, presumably, a middle-class, common-place "miss," fresh from a finishing-school, who, while flattered by the admiration of a poet, found her true *metier* when waltzing with Woolwich cadets. To have married her would manifestly have involved Keats in utter catastrophe. One shudders to think of such a fate. As Mrs. Lindon or Lindo she filled her appropriate sphere, leaving as a legacy to her children her illustrious lover's consecrated letters, which they duly turned to marketable account. To death he was, at least, indebted for one inestimable service.

#### A TRUE STORY OF THE EAST.

**Knights of Araby.** By Marmaduke Pickthall. Collins. 6s.

MR. PICKTHALL has long won a place among the discerning as an artist in fiction, especially of the Nearer East. His latest story is excellent reading as pure fiction, being full of rapid and romantic reversals of fortune among princes of Arabia who are beggars to-day, with no considerable following, and to-morrow raised to wealth and power, ruling armies, choosing wives, and cutting off heads as they please. Then they are suddenly robbed of their power by another. When the exiled Princes, Jeyyâsh, the learned, and his brother, the rash and squinting Saïd, are introduced to us in exile at the outset, there seems little chance of their recovery of their dignities, but both ultimately come to rule—with something of the luck on their side which belongs inevitably to romantic heroes, and is, carping critics may suggest, not true to life, "beyond destiny," as Homer said.

Yet the odd thing about this fantastic field of battles and changing fortunes is that it is history, 'A Story of the Yaman in the Fifth Islamic Century,' 1066 to 1120 A.D. of our own era. Mr. Pickthall possesses the advantage of history which is novel to all but a few specialists. When the great Dumas shows us the superhuman efforts of Athos and his company to save Charles I. from the scaffold, the story, bright as it is, is spoilt by our knowledge of the fact that the King is not going to be saved. Mr. Pickthall's history has been Englished by a good scholar, but no average reader knows, or need be ashamed of not knowing it. We think, however, that Mr. Pickthall would have done well in scouting the general objection to historical learning, and writing more than a few lines concerning the state of affairs in Arabia which lies behind the rapid adventures of his book, and explains their possibility. Some novel-readers are still, we hope, genuine students; and the others could skip what, in the spirit of irreverent youth, they might regard as stodgy. The narrative is rich in the vivid details of the East and those turns of idiom which lend a fresh colour to our tired, modern phraseology. So entirely is Mr. Pickthall at home among his Orientals that he seems to think in Arabic, and his book might almost be a translation from that language. This implies an

intimacy with foreign speech as rare as roses in November, or—let us say—plain language in official preachments.

There are several distinct and engaging minor figures by the side of the potentates, deep schemers, fierce and kindly women, and simple, devoted servants. Like most moderns, Mr. Pickthall is touched with a keen sense of the irony of life; and he reveals it markedly in the wise and pedantic old historian who wants revolutions to happen according to his rules, and the professional jester who, going from one princely patronage to another, is harried everywhere by his weight of body and the perpetual demand for his courtly jocosity. We gather that he was amazingly entertaining—so much so that his eagerly sought and hardly achieved retirement was never allowed for long—but Mr. Pickthall has been too cautious to venture on worthy examples of his wit. On the evidence before us, we might almost exclaim that he never said a witty thing and never did a wise one.

The book is a real feat of felicity in Arabia, worth a wilderness of sloppy romances concerning stale periods. It is a feat, for it pleases both the expert and the ordinary, impatient reader.

#### A VICTORIAN WORTHY.

**Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B., D.C.L.**  
Edited by His Son, E. A. Helps. Lane. 12s. 6d. net.

THE Clerks of the Council, during the nineteenth century, were mostly inconspicuous gentlemen, indebted for their appointments to patrician consanguinity, who discharged their dignified and not too onerous duties in the enjoyment of handsome salaries, with the prospects of commensurate pensions. Among these functionaries there were, however, two whose names circulated in a wider area than that of Whitehall. Of these the more prominent was Charles Greville—well described by his *sobriquet*, "The Gruncher"—with whose vivid and somewhat acetic revelations we are most of us familiar. The second exception was a man in almost every respect of a very different mould. Unlike Greville, who was *par excellence* born in the purple, Arthur Helps was the son of a City merchant, whose position, though prosperous and highly reputable, was hardly one of opulence. His father's circumstances, however, admitted of his being sent to Eton and Trinity, Cambridge; but at school his career was apparently colourless, while at the University, though graduating in mathematical honours, it was with no higher rank than that of thirty-first Wrangler. Nevertheless, that he possessed intellectual gifts of no mean order was evidenced by his election to the famous "Apostles," among his fellow-members being Tennyson, Maurice, Monckton Milnes, Trench, Charles Buller and Arthur Hallam. Most of these notables were senior to Helps (he was born in 1813), but probably through the influence of Charles Buller, one of the most promising among the younger Whig statesmen, he obtained in 1840 the post of private secretary to Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Melbourne's second Administration, a political mediocrity who shortly afterwards disappeared from public life, with the consolatory coronets almost invariably bestowed on Ministers who have "missed fire." Spring Rice seems to have appreciated Helps's services, for he was passed on to Lord Morpeth, Chief Secretary for Ireland, the genial, dilettante grandson of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, who, as Lord Carlisle, became Irish Viceroy in Lord Palmerston's second Administration. But a few months after Helps's appointment the Whig Government fell, and he saw no more of official life until, nearly twenty years afterwards, he was appointed Clerk of the Council. The early 'Forties were stirring times, and, while keeping clear of indiscretions, Helps might well have left some record of his experiences and impressions; but not a syllable has been vouchsafed. The period of his private secretaryships is absolutely a sealed book. His views on the subject are



recorded in a letter written thirty-three years afterwards to the late Lord Northbrook (then Viceroy of India) from Balmoral. The first instalment of Greville's Journals had been published a few days before. "They are all here," he writes, "in much dismay at the publication of Greville's Journal by Reeve, which has just appeared. I have not seen it, but there have been extracts in the papers. My gracious hostess is *horrified*—that is her word. I cannot help praising myself. There will be no papers found after my death—no diaries—containing disagreeable stories about people, and telling all that I have seen and heard of strange things. I resolved from the first that there should be an instance of a man who saw and heard much that was deeply interesting but private, and who could hold his tongue and restrain his pen for ever. . . ." With that commendable principle, even if carried to excess, it is impossible to quarrel, and we must perforce content ourselves with such of Helps's correspondence as he permitted to survive.

Aided by the introduction, the letters convey a fairly clear impression of their writer. (High-minded, hard-headed, with a touch of cynicism and no little humour, he appears to have been distinguished by an unfaltering devotion to truth, and a faculty of disciplined, unemotional sympathy which peculiarly qualified him for his rôle of crusader against wrongs and abuses, especially those affecting the poor. This rôle he assumed, with a modesty that was one of his many estimable features, quite early in life, and maintained to its close, though in later years his official position somewhat reduced his activities in this direction. Although his efforts at first bore little fruit, he is undoubtedly entitled to rank as one of the principal pioneers of those sanitary reforms which have converted London from a hot-bed of disease into the healthiest city in the world. But it would be a mistake to suppose that these letters deal exclusively with that and other serious subjects which he had at heart; they have a lighter side, and are well worth perusal by appreciators of sparkling *mots* and lively anecdotes, of which, if not frequent, there is a fair muster. Here is a witty thrust by Tom Sheridan at his famous father which we believe has not hitherto been recorded:

"I must tell you a story which Coxon told me about Sheridan. There were several reports of old Sherry's death before he himself had made up his mind to depart. A friend of young Sheridan's met him and began to condole with him on the death of his father. 'I am very much obliged to you,' said the young man; 'but you are mistaken. I saw him myself this morning, and he said he was alive, and well—but really he is such a d—d liar there is no knowing.'" In a letter from his former chief, now Lord Monteagle, written at the outset of the Crimean War, we have a passage which suggests certain incidents of very recent occurrence: "I think the attacks on Prince A., however disgraceful, are not half so bad as the wretched credulity of the people who swallowed them—the four hundred or five hundred who attended at the Tower to witness his commitment for high treason, and the compassionate persons who say: 'Poor young man! We hope he may not be executed!'"

But throughout the book we encounter passages which temper its strain of seriousness: for example, a characteristic tilt by Ruskin at his doctors who failed to treat "a heartache that got into the stomach"; a growl from Carlyle against his fellow committee-men at the London Library; a snarl from Tennyson that authors will send him only his own commodity; a description of Bob Lowe, in the capacity of Jehu, twice narrowly escaping destruction on an empty turnpike road, with an "abjectly docile animal" between the shafts; besides many allusions to personalities of social and political interest.

As an author Helps was best known by his 'Friends in Council,' but he had a descriptive touch which in that book does not come into play. Its quality is, however, effectively revealed in the following extract from a powerful letter of his written to Charles Eliot Norton in 1852, dealing with the slave-trade: "I have

always thought the uninterrupted and peaceful voyage of a slave-ship—to wit, *Santa Trinidad* or *Maria de la Gloria*—the most wonderful problem in the whole world. On it goes, a thing beautifully constructed for its purpose—hundreds of human beings packed in indescribable agony within it—the porpoises gambol around it; light breezes fan its sails; the water parts lovingly past its well-shaped bows, like the best affection of true-hearted women 'which clings not nor is exigent'; in truth, the powers of nature sublimely indifferent to right or wrong, Epicurean divinities in their way, refuse no aid to this dark devilish thing as it skims gracefully over the waters; and, if it escapes our cruisers, the *Santa Trinidad* lands half or two-thirds of its original live cargo, and is considered to have done a good stroke of business."

In closing this book we feel that we have been throughout in excellent company, occasionally, perhaps, somewhat sedate, but never dull. It is the fashion nowadays to decry the period and persons of which it treats, but we are grateful for these intimate glimpses of a truly estimable Victorian whose fine gifts and high qualities earned for him the friendship not only of his Sovereign, but of his most distinguished contemporaries.

#### FRANKLY FRANKAU.

**One of Us: A Novel in Verse.** By Gilbert Frankau. With Pictures by Fish. Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.

**The City of Fear and Other Poems.** By Gilbert Frankau. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.

In 'One of Us,' by metre and invitation, the author audaciously challenges Byron, and his reviewers have not been backward in coming forward. One of them speaks of "genius"; still another calls Mr. Frankau a "Gilbertian Byron." Why not a Byronic Gilbert? In Bernal Osborne's cruel *mot* about the dying Disraeli, they are "overdoing it as usual."

Byron wrote not for the sake of writing, but as a volcanic vent. He was a passionate man of action, and, when he satirised the great world in 'Don Juan,' his hero was and abides a man of the world with infinite adventure, travel, daring, in his wake. He is Childe Harold no longer a pilgrim. Mr. Frankau's hero is not a man of the world at all, but a young man about town, which of itself reduces the picture. Everything in it is localised, or, shall we say? suburbanised. But this is far from all, if any true comparison is to be made. Byron's bitterness, like Heine's after him, is born of tears. He is a "knight of the laughing tear":—

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
'Tis that I may not weep."

And in Byron's 'Don Juan' there is not only an ease which springs from a wide converse with big things and big books, but an inherent poesy even when it is ironised. We look vainly for this free poetic strain in 'One of Us.'

Byron's romping, schoolboy frolic is also absent. Mr. Frankau is rarely spontaneous; Byron always. The fact is that 'One of Us,' brilliantly as it often runs, is a copy, and has the faults of a copy, and of a forced copy. It is not merely that it mimics Byron; it also mimics the smart journalism of the smart set. There is nothing new in it, nor much that is original except sin. The capering story is thin and trite, the hero, though a Gaiety girl calls him clever, seems vapid and singularly invertebrate. Where Byron gives us a portrait, Mr. Frankau gives a snapshot. Byron tells us that tragedy should end in death, comedy in marriage. 'One of Us' gives us patter for both. "Fish's" illustrations are piquant, but they are Japanese decorations, convoluted of curves and frills; and why are all the feminine mouths aces of clubs?

Mr. Frankau has real gifts, and he can improve them. Let him hide them in a napkin instead of showing them off on a "serviette." Let him chasten and refine them and add strength to savour. Byron's very protervities are in the grand manner. Mr. Frankau's,

# "THE UNSOLDIERLIKE SUB"

## A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

HERE has come to hand quite recently a letter from a Captain with the B.E.F., which is well worth reprinting in its entirety here, both in view of its distinctive difference from the majority of "letters from the Front" and of what has been lately published regarding the remarkable extent to which "Pelmanism" is being adopted by officers of his Majesty's Army and Navy.

Here is the letter in question.

"I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.

"When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

As an isolated letter the foregoing might fail to carry much weight. But when it is taken as typical of some hundreds of similar letters from Army and Navy officers, then, indeed, one is forced to concede that there must be "something in Pelmanism."

Nearly fifty Generals and Admirals and well over 300 naval and regimental commanders—to say nothing of 4,000 other officers and a multitude of N.C.O.s and men—have adopted Pelmanism since the outbreak of war, and every day brings reports from them as to substantial benefits derived.

Let us take a few examples. A Naval Captain reports promotion to the command of a fine cruiser—thanks to his Pelman training. A Lieutenant-Colonel reports "a step in rank" within two months of starting the Course. A Major writes attributing his majority and his D.S.O. to the same agency. A General and a Rear-Admiral also write giving testimony which it is at present inadvisable to publish. There is not a rank or unit of either Service which has not supplied convincing evidence of the fact that Pelmanism is truly the short road to progress.

The evidence produced by the Pelman Institute is amply sufficient to sweep away the last vestige of doubt, it forces one irresistibly to the conclusion—and it is the right conclusion—that, as "TRUTH" says, "The Pelman Institute places the means of progress within the reach of everyone."

### AN AMAZING FACT.

The amazing fact is that, however sweeping this statement may appear, it is literally true! There is no case upon record in which the conscientious student of "Pelmanism" has failed to reach the coveted goal—whether that goal be promotion, financial betterment, social or professional advancement, or aught else.

As to results, the difficulty is to select the most representative ones. Here is a random selection, which could be multiplied a thousandfold from the Institute's records:

- Placed my practice on a satisfactory basis (Doctor).
- Rise of £145 per annum.

- Doubled my turnover.
- Salary improved 300 per cent.
- Literary prize of £250.
- My income has gone up 300 per cent.
- Substantial increase in my salary.
- Increase of salary of 50 per cent.
- Increased turnover and salary.
- My turnover has beaten all records.
- My business has increased considerably.
- Salary exactly doubled.
- Added £80 to my Commission Account.
- I have had a 40 per cent. rise.
- Salary increased, also a 10 per cent. bonus.
- My salary has been increased by 60 per cent.
- The means of making my income double.
- Greatest increase in business.

Thus, in every direction—financial, professional, social, and educational—the Pelman System is daily helping thousands of men and women of every trade, profession, and occupation to attain success.

And what is the cost? A half-hour or so devoted each evening for a few weeks to a most fascinating course of study; not study in the humdrum sense of the word, but a real mental recreation. Most students of the Pelman Course openly express regret when the lessons have terminated, so deeply interesting do they find them.

From business and professional women eulogistic letters are received by the thousand, and many of them actually reproach the Pelman Institute for understating the value of the Course. For instance, a Solicitor writes:

"I used to think that the claims made for 'Pelmanism' must be fantastic; now I consider them to be under-statements of the truth."

It is useful to bear in mind this comment (typical of many) when one is tempted to think that the announcements made by the Institute are in any degree exaggerated. As a matter of sober fact, every statement made here or elsewhere by the Pelman Institute can be handsomely justified by a reference to the records of the Institute.

A Student of the Course recently wrote: "If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants." Even as a purely social and intellectual factor, Pelmanism well repays the few hours required for its study.

### SHOULD IT BE NATIONALISED?

Many prominent people—including a Member of the House of Lords and many other men and women—are insisting that the Pelman Institute should be taken over by the Government, so that the whole nation may receive the benefits of "Pelmanism." Many present students of the course support this view.

In the meantime the Directors of the Institute have temporarily arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable readers of SATURDAY REVIEW to secure the complete Course with a minimum outlay.

To get the benefit of this liberal offer, application should be made at once by postcard or by letter to the address below.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with "TRUTH'S" special Report on "Pelmanism," and particulars showing how to secure the Course for one-third less than the usual fee) will be sent post free to all readers who send to the Pelman Institute, 119, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

frankly, are not. We think that his true Muse is lyrical, and that this satire is 'Revue.'

In 'The City of Fear' Mr. Frankau is in earnest, and in earnest not only as a writer but as a fighter. He sings of the glory and the desolation that he has seen and felt. He sings vigorously, resonantly, and each page is a transfigured experience. He is a gunner, and he has sung of the Guns before. They are Titans, in whose grasp man is a dwarf machine. Yet here again, with much that is individual in his heart, we miss, except in "The Inn of a Thousand Dreams," any distinct individuality of voice. Now it is Swinburne that is swaying him; oftener it is Kipling. And constantly his *timbre* is that of the reciter who points the story with gestures and plays just a little to the gallery. His medium is less melody than recitative.

'The City of Fear'—Ypres—is a dithyrambic surging, sinking, spreading Swinburnially, yet lacking in modulation; there are "orange flames"—Mr. Frankau loves "orange"—and a "pinnacle leers." We may be fastidious, but that seems to us more scene-painting than song. But the following is fine, and thrills the listener:—

"A grinning skeleton-city mocking the eye from afar  
With a hangman's jest."

'How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla'—a tragedy of heroism without contest—pleases us less, vivid though it is: it is "recitative" pure and simple, and "happened along" is surely more American than English.

The Gun-poems are massive and graphic in the manner of Kipling, and show the impressionist-realist's faculty of investing every cog in the machine with atmosphere and of inspiring each atmospheric element with life. 'The Inn of a Thousand Dreams,' Kiplingesque in form, is tender in thought and *timbre*. The soul of the soldier harks back from the trenches to the lonely tavern where he and his bride passed their honeymoon.

Mr. Frankau has a keen eye and a sensibility that interprets sensation. What he would seem to have in a less measure is what is vaguely called vision—the gaze of the spirit. He is still young, however, and youth is a preface.

#### A SISTER'S LIFE.

**Life and Letters of Maggie Benson. By Her Brother, Arthur Christopher Benson. Murray. 7s. 6d. net.**

DR. A. C. BENSON has "always believed that there is an immense future before the art of biography. He could hardly have found a better proof of his theory than in his sister "Maggie." Daughter of the man who made a military orphanage into a Public School, revived the office of Chancellor of an old Cathedral, and founded a Theological College, built up the Cornish See and its Cathedral, and died Archbishop, Margaret Benson, though her mother was sister of Henry and Arthur Sidgwick, might conceivably not have lived a higher life than many girls in the last forty years. But this book shows her as of "a noble character, which in the bond of affliction has interpreted life to many, cast a clear light upon it, shown it to be something large and free."

She was eleven when her father went to Truro, where he started a Girls' High School and sent his own girls to it. Thence Maggie went up to Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, where she "put soul even into Political Economy" and Moral Science, was the life of Collegiate and Intercollegiate Societies, and met Ruskin, who would "first of all have you taught common-sense." But, asked how he would begin, he replied, "My dear

young lady, I cannot tell you." He told her that if she chose to stay up at Oxford, she could be drawing-mistress at Lady Margaret. She heard Burgon preach against Women's Examinations, and Michael Davitt speak on Home Rule, and was converted by neither. Later she was brought "face to face with Constitutional Monarchy" by being presented at Court, and in 1886 got her First in the Women's Honour School of Philosophy. A year later she was teaching Logic in the Croydon High School, was learning from Mr. Nettleship to paint her dog Watch, playing girls' cricket matches against the Talbots at Addington, and riding in the Row with the Archbishop.

In 1890, at the Bishop of Lincoln's trial, "what pleases me most is the way the lawyers get pulled up by Papa." About this time began Maggie's suffering, which involved journeys to Aix-les-Bains, to Athens, where she worked at Archaeology and Modern Greek, and dined with the King and Queen, who discussed Dodo with her, and to Egypt, where she excavated the Temple of Mut at Karnak.

Dr. Benson has improved as a biographer since he wrote his father's Life. His sketch of his brother Hugh appealed to all sorts and conditions of men and women, and his full-length of his sister Maggie, with its background of Tremans, Mrs. Benson's Sussex home, with Beth, the nurse of nearly ninety years, hovering round, and the many pets, is simply delightful. Maggie had her father's sense of humour. "Hugh," just after his secession from the Church of England, "went off looking so absurdly young in layman's clothes that L. got quite concerned for the shock the monks would have on seeing him." Again, "Mother and Hugh have just passed me to go a walk, Hugh in flowing cassock with a cigarette and the very oldest shoes I ever saw; the sort you find washed up on the sea beach."

But the mists closed in on her. Life at home became impossible, and, though just before the end she was almost her old self, she died at Wimbledon in the summer of 1915.

Her brother has certainly depicted her as she lived, and ought to be more than satisfied by the result. He may rest assured that many readers, friends and strangers, will thank him for bringing out a book which will certainly elevate and strengthen and brighten them, and that at a time when we fear it must have been a strain on him to write at all.

#### LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

- A Dictionary of Similes (Frank J. Willstack). Harrap. 10s. 6d. net.
- A German Deserter's War Experience. Grant Richards. 5s. net.
- An Adventure in Education (J. H. Simpson). Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.
- Basil Wilberforce, Archdeacon of Westminster (Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell). Murray. 8s. net.
- By the Wayside (Una Hook). Chatto. 3s. 6d. net.
- Cinq mois de Guerre (Gaston Jollivet). Hachette. 3f. 50c.
- Early English Portrait Miniatures in the Collection of the Duke of Buccleuch. *The Studio*. 7s. 6d. net.
- Elements of Constructive Philosophy (J. S. Mackenzie). Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.
- Estate Economics (Andrew Slater). Constable. (10s. 6d. net.
- Father Stanton's Sermon Outlines (E. F. Russell). Longmans. 5s. net.
- France: The Nation and its Development (W. Hudson). Harrap. 10s. 6d. net.
- Immortality (Burnett H. Streeter and Others). Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.
- Interamna Borealis (W. Keith Leask). Aberdeen: Rosemount Press. 6s. net.
- Letter and Diary of Alan Seeger. Constable. 5s. net.
- Letters and Drawings of Enzo Valentini (Fernand Bellachion). Constable. 5s. net.
- Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke (Lawrence P. Jacks. Murray. 2 vols., 15s. net.

# NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

London: 61 Threadneedle Street. E.C.2.

Funds £23,800,000

Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street





Incorporated  
A.D.  
1720.

Head Office:  
ROYAL EXCHANGE,  
E.C.

## ROYAL EXCHANGE

ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Fire, Life, Sea, Accident, Motor Car, Lift, Boiler, Machinery, Plate-Glass, Burglary,  
 Annuitants, Employers' Liability, Live Stock, Third Party, Fidelity Guarantees.

*The Corporation is prepared to act as TRUSTEE and EXECUTOR*  
 Apply for full particulars of all classes of Insurance to the Secretary  
 ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.3.

## NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY

COMBINATION OF  
AGE, MAGNITUDE, RESERVE BASIS  
AND PROFIT-EARNING CAPACITY

**THE STRONGEST IN THE WORLD**

*PERUSAL OF RECENTLY PUBLISHED WAR TIME  
 PROSPECTUS MAKES THAT FACT VERY CLEAR*

**WRITE OR TELEPHONE TO HEAD OFFICE, NORWICH,  
 OR TO ANY BRANCH OR AGENCY.**

## GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

[Mortgages.]      ESTABLISHED 1887.      [Annuities.]  
**FUNDS EXCEED £2,000,000.**  
 Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Chairman.  
 Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR, Deputy Chairman.  
 H. J. BRACEY, Esq.      Rt. Hon. Sir C. E. H. HOBBHOUSE, Bart., M.P.  
 Rt. Hon. LORD FARRER.      Sir JOHN JARDINE, Bart., K.C.I.E., M.P.  
 Capt. Hon. E. A. FITZROY, M.P.      C. E. VERNON RUTTER, Esq.  
 JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Esq.

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount  
 assured—one payment on the attainment of a specified age, and a second pay-  
 ment at death thereafter. Life Assurance without Medical Examination. No  
 extra charge for female lives.

ALBERT BURTON NYE, *Assistant Secretary.*

## DON'T CASH YOUR VICTORY LOAN DIVIDEND

£2 10s. Dividend will double your  
 holding of War Stock and produce  
 £100 new money for the War.

Write for particulars to  
 Prudential Assurance Co., Ltd.,  
 142, Holborn Bars, E.C.1,  
 or to any of its Agents.

## ELY CATHEDRAL.

VISITORS will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at  
 the "LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to  
 the Cathedral. **Moderate Terms.** Omnibus meets all  
 trains.

Proprietor, S. AIREY.

## AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO

Visitors enjoy every  
 Hotel Comfort, with the  
 Baths & Amusements of  
 a Hydro at moderate cost.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor, while he accepts no responsibility for  
 manuscripts sent to him, is glad to consider such  
 contributions when they are typewritten and  
 accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes  
 for their return.



## Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

To begin smoking "Three Nuns" now will save you  
 a prolonged search for a really satisfactory tobacco

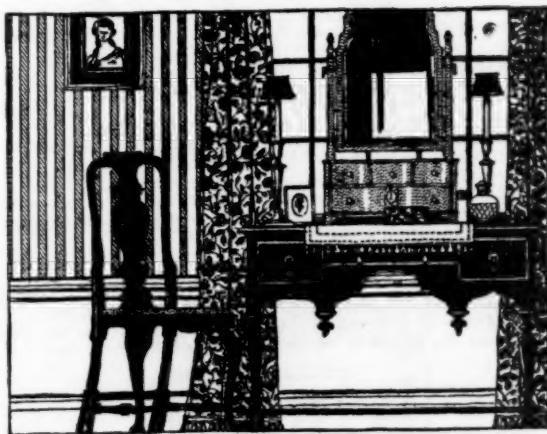
*Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son,  
 Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow*  
 King's Head is stronger      Both are sold at 9½d. per oz

## Cigarettes

(Medium)

4½d. for 10; 9d. for 20

Cardboard Boxes of 50-1/9½



**BEDROOM FURNITURE  
 TO SUIT ALL TASTES**

## WARING & GILLOW

*Furnishers & Decorators to H.M. the King.* **LTD**

164-180, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: Museum 5000.

BCLD STREET, LIVERPOOL      DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

- Lock's Theory of Knowledge and its Historical Relations (James Gibson). C.U.P. 10s. 6d. net.
- Miss Simplicity and Other Sketches (Ralph Haslam). Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.
- New Zealand in France (by Men of New Zealand Division). Cassell. 2s. 6d. net.
- Obstacles to Peace (Samuel S. McClure). Paul. 7s. 6d. net.
- Periscope and Propeller (John S. Margarison). Pearson. 1s. 3d. net.
- Pig-Keeping on Money-Making Lines (W. Powell-Owen). Newnes. 2s. 6d. net.
- Rhododendrons and the Various Hybrids (J. G. Millais). Longmans. £8s 8s. net.
- Summer, 1917 (E. Temple Thurston). Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d. net.
- Tennyson's "In Memoriam" (Rev. T. A. Moxan). Skeffington. 2s. 6d. net.
- The Battle with Tuberculosis and How to Win It (D. Macdougall King). Lippincott. 6s. net.
- The Commonwealth at War (A. F. Pollard). Longmans. 6s. 6d. net.
- The Development of Rates of Postage (A. D. Smith). Allen and Unwin. 16s. net.
- The Frontiers of Language and Nationality in Europe (Leon Dominian). Edinburgh: Nimmo, Hay and Mitchell. 1s. 3d. net.
- The Iconoclast (Helen Hamilton). Daniel. 1s. 3d. net.
- The Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation, No. XXXIX. (Ed. by Sir John Macdonell. Murray. 6s.
- The Lawyer's Companion and Diary, 1918. Stevens. 5s. net.
- The Problem of Creation (Rt. Rev. J. E. Mercer). S.P.C.K. 7s. 6d. net.
- The Prussian Abomination (Otto H. Kahn). Melrose. 3d. net.
- The Way Forward (Gilbert Murray). Allen and Unwin. 1s. net.
- The Wheat Problem (Sir W. Crookes). Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.
- Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature (Second Series). Vol. XXXV. Milford. 6s. net.
- Two Brave Brothers (H. F. Morriss). H. F. Morriss, 35, Finsbury Square, E.C. 2.
- Two Years of War Seen at Constantinople (Dr. H. Stuermer). Hodder. 6s. net.
- What Is and What Might Be (Edmond Holmes). Constable. 1s. 6d. net.
- FICTION.
- An Honourable Estate (Ella Macmahon). Mills and Boon. 6s.
- Blodwin (Marion Prys-Williams). Simpkin. 3s. 6d. net.
- Cheerio! (J. Frederick Tilsley). Chambers. 2s. 6d. net.
- Conscript "Tich" (Jack Spurr). Chambers. 2s. 6d. net.
- Doubly Tied ("Flanuse"). Stanley Paul. 6s. net.
- Dust (John L. Carter). Duckworth. 6s. net.
- Honour among Thieves (Gabrielle Festing). Blackwood. 5s. net.
- Lady Lattimer's Double (Lady Murray of Elibank). Jenkins. 5s. net.
- Number 7 Brick Row (W. Riley). Jenkins. 5s. net.
- Soulmates (Maud H. Yardley). Stanley Paul. 6s. net.
- The House that Fell (Horace W. C. Newte). Mills and Boon. 6s.
- The Major (Ralph Conner). Hodder. 6s. net.
- The Puppet Show (Lilian Harrison). Richmond. 6s.
- The Sub ("Taffrail"). Hodder 5s. net.
- VERSE.
- At Odd Moments (W. S. Godfrey). Richmond. 2s. 6d. net.
- In a Cottage, and Other Verses (John L. D. Howitt). H. Cranton. 2s. 6d. net.
- Oxford Poetry, 1914-1916. Oxford: Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.
- St. George for England, and Other Poems (Maud Renner Liston). Heath Cranton. 3s. 6d. net.
- JUVENILE.
- A School Camp-Fire (Elsie Oxenham). Chambers. 4s. net.
- Miss Peter (May Baldwin). Chambers. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Fairy Godmother (L. T. Meade). Chambers. 5s. net.
- The Moon Baby (Dorothy E. C. Nash). Jarrold. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Pearl (G. Winifred Taylor). Oxford: Blackwell. 6s.

### THE CITY.

We do not, of course, wish to interfere with our own War Bond campaign, but we hope that those of our readers who have a bit over will subscribe to the new French Loan, both for the sake of our Allies and their own pockets. The National Defence Loan of the French Republic is issued at the tempting price of £2 10s. 6d. for a bond of 100 francs, bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent., free of all taxes, present and future, payable quarterly, and redeemable in 1943. Another advantage for many people is that the Scrip certificates will be exchanged in June, 1918, for bearer bonds, thus saving all the trouble of transfer at the Bank of England.

The remarks of Mr. Marshall Stevens and Mr. Balfour Browne at the meeting of the Trafford Park Estates reported in our last issue are interesting and important. Unquestionably a reduction instead of an advance in rates is necessary in this country if traders are to be given a

fair start in competition with those of other countries, and the problem may be more effectively tackled while the railways are under State control; indeed, it is difficult to imagine that the companies will ever be ordered to "carry on" (using the term in its military sense) after the war. Neither the one million stockholders nor their customers, the traders, can view with equanimity the resumption of pre-war conditions, with wages and other expenses at their present levels. On the other hand, State ownership could only benefit traders at the expense of taxpayers; it would not promote efficiency, and there would be the serious danger of political interference. Mr. Balfour Browne suggests that the State should purchase the railways and lease them to the companies to work. This would be an interesting compromise; but if rates are to be reduced without lowering dividends somebody will have to pay; it must involve increased taxation, and the present time is not favourable for adding to the burden of taxpayers for the benefit of traders or stockholders.

The diverse interests of capital and labour, traders and public, constitute a problem that cannot be solved by shifting responsibility from one set of shoulders to another. The situation demands some practical, constructional adjustment, and for that reason we welcome the suggestions put forward by Mr. Marshall Stevens. He declares that an effective general merchandise service can be obtained in Great Britain at no greater cost to the trader than in Germany or elsewhere, without necessitating any reduction of railway dividends. He bases his opinion on the experience acquired on the Trafford Park Estate, which is placing Manchester in a unique position for handling and storing goods. The excessive railway charges are comprised not in the conveyance of goods, but in the services and accommodation of cartage, warehousing, loading, unloading, stations and terminals, which are much higher than the gross rates for the same services and accommodation in other countries. It costs traffic more, he says, to maintain a central goods station in any large town—without providing a single service there—than it costs for the whole of the railway service and accommoda-

### The Lowest Non-Profit Rate

cannot compensate for the sacrifice of the right to share in the Surplus of

a Well-managed Mutual Life Office.

#### THE DISTINCTIVE SYSTEM

OF THE

### SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

secures the advantage of  
NON-PROFIT PREMIUMS  
with the right to share in Surplus.

It is the ideal system for the present time.

The FUNDS exceed £16,000,000

London Office: 3, Lombard Street, E.C. 3.

West End: 17, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

HEAD OFFICE: 6, St. Andrew Sq., EDINBURGH.



Fine Old Virginia  
Oval Cork Tipped



**Spinet**  
The SUPER  
CIGARETTE

1/2 for 20  
Also in Boxes  
of 50 and 100

R.G.J. HILL LTD LONDON



## BELGIAN RED CROSS

(Registered under War Charities Act)

Patron:—H.M. THE QUEEN of the BELGIANS  
President:—Baron C. GOFFINET

### Funds urgently required

for the maintenance of existing Hospitals and Ambulances. One of the Hospitals is situated immediately behind the firing line, enabling both **Belgian** and **British** wounded to be promptly and skilfully treated.

### A NEW HOSPITAL

is BADLY NEEDED on the Flanders Front.

Belgium being still in the grip of the enemy, the bulk of the Belgian Nation are unable to support the work of the **Belgian Red Cross**. The Committee therefore appeal to the British Nation for generous help so that the wounded soldiers of the Belgian Army, which did so much to stem the onrush of the German Armies in the early days of the War, shall receive the fullest care and attention.

Please send a donation to the Hon. Treasurer, the RT. HON. the LORD MAYOR of LONDON, MANSION HOUSE, E.C. 2.

Gifts in kind to the Anglo-Belgian Committee of the BELGIAN RED CROSS,  
28, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W. 1.



OLD age and a nervous temperament favour sleeplessness. Before retiring take a cup of the 'Allenburys' DIET. This complete and easily digested food soothes the nerves, promotes calm sleep and ensures digestive rest. Largely used by the Medical Profession.

#### Promotes Sleep.

"I have used the 'Allenburys' DIET at night on going to bed with considerable benefit. I find it sustaining and comforting and sleep much better after taking it." (SIGNED).....M.D.

AIDS DIGESTION. INDUCES SLEEP.

## The Allenburys' DIET

For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In tins at 2/- and 4/- of Chemists.  
Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.C.

## Sunday Times

LONDON'S  
BEST INFORMED  
SUNDAY  
NEWSPAPER

ONE PENNY

**WANTED FOR GOVERNMENT OFFICE WORK**  
IN LONDON, Women of British parentage and nationality between the ages of 22 and 50, who are able to read German correspondence in the Gothic character. Apply in writing to Box 99, c/o WILLINGS, 125, Strand, W.C. 2.

tion in Trafford Park, including shunting, marshalling, invoicing, and conveyance. Substitute railway facilities like those at Trafford Park in place of the conventional station upon any British main line and the main line company will then obtain more in the aggregate for conveyance when charging the low Continental rates than when charging the present rates for the same traffic conveyed a like distance between two large town stations.

This is a most important statement. It demands prompt and thorough inquiry, not before the Railway and Canal Commission nor a Parliamentary Commission, but before a committee of business men, leaders of commerce who will review the subject practically, not academically, and without political bias. It is hopeless to expect that the railways would adopt voluntarily such a violent reform on a large scale. It would involve large expense and the scrapping of capital sunk in existing stations and terminals, though the latter could be converted for other remunerative employment. If reform is to be carried out on a scale adequate to the requirements of industry and commerce immediately after the war, the work must commence without undue delay, and it must be done under a central authority presided over by a statesman of tried business capacity and practical railway experience. The authority (perhaps unfortunately) must be a Government department, and the man one of those whose administrative ability and adaptability have been demonstrated during the war.

### INSURANCE.

#### PURCHASING WAR BONDS

At the present time the uppermost thought in the mind of most persons is how to purchase National War Bonds; a secondary, and practical, consideration is how to obtain them in the most advantageous way. A prospectus, entitled "Practical Patriotism," just issued by the Legal and General Life Assurance Society, shows that either an endowment assurance, fixed term, or whole-life policy can be used for the purpose, and that the terms of the assurance may greatly exceed that of the bonds themselves, only a low rate of premium then being payable. Under Table A (endowment assurances) the policy-holder is given the option of a 5, 7, 10, 15, 20 or 25 year term, and at the typical age of 35 next birthday the annual premium is respectively £19 8s. 4d., £13 10s. 9d., £9 3s., £5 16s. 9d., £4 5s., and £3 7s. 2d. per £100 assured. The total amount payable to the society at the age stated would therefore be as under:

5 years.	7 years.	10 years.	15 years.	20 years.	25 years.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
07 1 8	04 15 3	01 10 0	08 6 3	05 0 0	03 19 2

In each case the transaction reveals a satisfactory margin of profit, as the five-year bonds are repayable at £102 per cent.; the seven-year at £103 per cent., and the ten-year at £105 per cent. The Government bonus would, of course, be handed to the policy-holder, together with his policy, when the bond matured and the society was repaid the amount of its advance; while, in the next place, whichever term had been selected, the purchaser would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had paid considerably less in all than the cost price of his bond. As a matter of fact, the investment shows a fair return in the way of interest on the sums paid as premiums; besides which life assurance of the best sort is carried during the currency of the policy. A foot-note explains that after two annual payments had been made (one if the term be less than ten years) the policy would possess a guaranteed cash surrender value, which might be taken in the form of a paid-up policy, so that were the contract for any reason to be dropped there would be no serious pecuniary loss; while in the event of death occurring before the term of the endowment expired the sum assured would at once be paid to the estate.

Table B, in respect of which no medical examination is required, also appears to offer distinct advantages to the purchaser, as the term of assurance may be any number of years from five to forty, and the annual

premium per £100 assured is exceptionally moderate, being only £8 7s. for ten years, £3 10s. 3d. for twenty years, £1 19s. 1d. for thirty years, and £1 4s. 3d. for forty years. These policies also possess a guaranteed surrender value—equal to all premiums paid, less the first year's premium or £4, whichever is the less, accumulated at 2½ per cent. compound interest. This sum, whatever it might amount to, would be paid on the death of the grantee to the legal representatives, who are further given the right to maintain the policy in force to maturity—a course which would certainly seem to be desirable. How this scheme works in practice would be seen from the following illustration. To secure a bond for £1,000 payable in ten years the society would require an annual premium of £83 10s., or £835 in all, being £165 less than the sum paid for the bond; but were an endowment for a term of twenty years to be chosen the premium would be only £35 2s. 6d., and £702 10s. would cover all payments. The difference between either of these sums and £1,000—the cost of the bond—is clearly saved by the policy-holder, who would also receive the £50 added by the Government at the date of redemption.

## AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT

Est. SOCIETY. 1849.

The Largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire.

Funds, £36,000,000. Annual Income, £4,500,000.

**MODERATE PREMIUMS.  
LIBERAL CONDITIONS.  
WORLD-WIDE POLICIES.**

Every Year a Bonus Year.  
Whole-Life Policies 20 years in force show average increase of the sum assured by Bonus exceeding 50 per cent.  
Endowment Assurance Results also unsurpassed.

37, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2.

## The Financial Review of Reviews

DECEMBER ISSUE,

contains the following

### SPECIAL ARTICLES:

Trade Openings in Latin America.

PERCY F. MARTIN, F.R.G.S.

The Industrial Problem of Peace.

C. R. STILES, F.S.S.

The Economic & Financial Future of Russia.

ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT, Ph.D

The Ethic of Investment.

The EDITOR.

A Specimen Copy will be sent post free  
on application.

**1/- net.**

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.

**The Financial Review of Reviews,**

2, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON, S.W.1.



# NATIONAL DEFENCE LOAN OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC ISSUE OF FOUR PER CENT. RENTES.

Both Capital and Interest will be exempt from all taxes, present and future, of the Government of the French Republic.

*Interest payable Quarterly on the 16th March, 16th June, 16th September, and 16th December, the first Coupon (for a full quarter's interest) being payable on the 16th March, 1918.*

**PRICE OF ISSUE—£2 : 10s. 6d. PER FCS. 100 NOMINAL CAPITAL**  
(Being the approximate equivalent, at the exchange of Fcs. 27.40 per £, of Fcs. 69.20, the price at which allotments, when paid for by instalments, are being issued in Paris.)

Applications, which must be accompanied by a deposit of Eight Shillings and Nine Pence per Fcs. 100 applied for, will be received at the Bank of England Loans Office, 5 & 6, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3, and at the Bank of Ireland, Dublin. Applications must be for multiples of Fcs. 100 nominal Capital (i.e., Fcs. 4 of Rente).

The amount payable in respect of each Fcs. 100 will be required as follows, viz. :—

	s.	d.
On application ... ..	8	9
On, or before, Friday, the 28th December, 1917 ... ..	14	7
"    Friday, the 8th March, 1918 ... ..	12	7
"    Friday, the 3rd May, 1918 ... ..	14	7
	<b>£2 : 10</b>	<b>: 6</b>

or any allotment applied for may be paid up in full at the time of application by a single payment of £2 : 10s. in respect of each Fcs. 100 nominal Capital applied for (being the approximate equivalent, at the exchange of Fcs. 27.40 per £, of Fcs. 68.60, the price at which fully-paid allotments are being issued in Paris).

THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND and THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF IRELAND, with the consent and approval of His Majesty's Government, are authorised by the Government of the French Republic to receive applications for this issue.

The French Government undertake that the issue shall not be redeemed prior to the 1st January, 1943 ; but they reserve to themselves the right to redeem the issue in whole or in part at any time on or after that date.

Both Capital and Interest, which will be exempt from all French taxes, present or future, will be a charge upon the general revenues of the Government of the French Republic.

For the purpose of providing against depreciation in the market prices of the National Defence Loans, the French Government undertake to set aside monthly, until otherwise decreed by law, a sum of Fcs. 60,000,000, to form a Fund to be used for the purchase of Bonds of these Loans in the market. Such purchases will in no case be made at prices in excess of the following :—

**In the case of the present issue Fcs. 68.60 per Fcs. 100 nominal Capital, plus any interest accrued to date of purchase.**

**5½% Rentes issued in November, 1915 ; 5% Rentes issued in October, 1916, Fcs. 87.50 per Fcs. 100 nominal Capital, plus any interest accrued to date of purchase.**

Whenever the unexpended balance of the Fund exceeds Fcs. 360,000,000 the monthly payments will, for the time being, be suspended, but they will be resumed as soon as the unexpended balance falls below Fcs. 360,000,000.

The Fund will be administered by the Caisse d'Amortissement, who will make the purchases according to the conditions laid down by the Committee of Inspection established by the laws of 28th April, 1816, and 6th April, 1876. Bonds purchased under this arrangement will be cancelled forthwith.

The issue will be made in the form of Scrip Certificates to Bearer, exchangeable after the 16th June, 1918, for Bonds to Bearer with quarterly Coupons attached. Scrip Certificates will bear Coupons for the interest payable on the 16th March and 16th June, 1918, and these Coupons will be paid at the Head Offices of the Banks of England and Ireland at the fixed exchange of Fcs. 27.40 per £. Coupons on Bonds to Bearer will be payable in sterling, during the continuance of the War, at the Head Offices of the Banks of England and Ireland, at rates of exchange which will be announced from time to time, or in francs in Paris ; after the conclusion of Peace the Coupons will be payable in France at the offices of the appointed agents.

French Government Sterling Treasury Bills due 15th January, 1918, and 7th October, 1918, may be tendered in lieu of cash where payment in full for an allotment of this

issue is made at the time of application. For the purpose of such payments the Bills will be accepted at the following rates for each £100 nominal of Bills surrendered, such rates being in each case the equivalent of par less interest at 5½% from the 16th December, 1917 (the date from which interest accrues on the new issue), to the respective due dates of the Bills :—

**Bills due 15th January, 1918, at the rate of £99 11s. 2d. cash for each £100 ; Bills due 7th October, 1918, at the rate of £95 13s. 1d. cash for each £100.**

A declaration, which is embodied in the Form of Application, will be required in the case of Treasury Bills so tendered, to the effect that they have not been in enemy ownership, and have remained in physical possession in the United Kingdom, since the date of their issue.

In any case in which the sterling equivalent of Treasury Bills tendered does not represent the exact amount required to secure an allotment which is a multiple of Fcs. 100 nominal Capital, the additional sum necessary to secure such an allotment must be provided in Cash.

Instalments may be paid at the Head Offices of the Bank of England and the Bank of Ireland. In case of default in the payment of any instalment by its proper date, the deposit and any instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

A commission at the rate of 1½d. per Fcs. 100 nominal Capital will be allowed to Bankers and Stockbrokers on allotments in respect of applications made on forms bearing their Stamp, whether payment be made in Cash or Treasury Bills.

Application will be made in due course for a Quotation for the Bonds on the London and Dublin Stock Exchanges ; the Bonds will not be negotiable in France until after the conclusion of Peace.

The necessary Forms of Application, viz. :—

1. For Subscriptions by Single Payment, whether in Cash, Treasury Bills, or both.

2. For Cash Subscriptions payable in Instalments, may be obtained at the Bank of England Loans Office, 5 & 6, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3 ; at the Bank of Ireland, Dublin ; and at any of the Branches of those Banks ; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall & Co., 13, George Street, Mansion House, E.C.4 ; at any Stock Exchange in the United Kingdom ; and at offices in the United Kingdom of the following Banks :—

Comptoir National d'Escompte de Paris.  
Crédit Industriel et Commercial.  
Crédit Lyonnais.  
Société Générale.

**The List of Applications will be closed on, or before, Friday, the 14th December, 1917.**

BANK OF ENGLAND, 26th November, 1917.

## BUENOS AYRES & PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, the RT. HON. LORD ST. DAVID (the chairman) presiding.

The CHAIRMAN, in the course of his remarks, said:—Gentlemen,—We have had a bad year, but it will not be a surprise to you, as I, unfortunately, was in a position to make a forecast of what the position would be twelve months ago. Our traffic receipts for the past year were £4,421,000, against £4,655,000, a decrease of £233,000. Our working expenses were £2,917,000, against £2,847,000, an increase of £70,000. (Hear, hear.) The result was that our total profits on working were less by £303,000. As against that, our interest account and our receipts from subsidiary undertakings increased by £78,000.

You will want to know how we stand for the future, and also about one or two important things that have happened lately. Now, first of all, about our immediate prospects. I will take the bad and good points in turn. The worst point is that we have got up to date a traffic decrease of £456,000; that is mainly due to the loss of traffic by the strike, but it is an item that will take a great deal of getting over during the financial year; secondly, our receipts from income account and subsidiary undertakings are likely to be less; thirdly, damage has been done to the property by strikers—considerable damage—but, against that, we shall naturally put forward a claim on the Government; and, lastly, there is going to be a substantial increase in wages, as agreed, after the strike. Now, the good points to set against those are very material. First of all, the Government has assented to an increase of our rates all round of 22 per cent., and we believe that that actually came into effect on November 20th. We believe that by the settlement of the strike we are to be given an increase of rates in addition to that 22 per cent., to set against any further cost of our increased wages bill. Then, whilst last year I had to tell you that the crop prospects were bad, this year they were undoubtedly good. If there was no war on, and if we had pre-war conditions, undoubtedly our prospects are such that we could confidently reckon during the financial year which ends on June 30th, on the crops and increased rates putting right our decrease, and giving us, I should say, undoubtedly a better year than last year. But we have not pre-war conditions, and the question is how much of that crop is going to be shipped during the financial year. If there is not enough shipping in the financial year, then we may have a worse year this year than last year. It may be worse; it may be better; it may be about the same. It depends entirely on that one item of ships.

Now, if you look at the accounts you will see that in liquid investments, in War Loan, Exchequer Bonds, Treasury Bills, and cash, we have an item of £1,200,000, and the only thing to be set against it is that we have a liability of about £300,000 for Debenture interest. In times like these it is a comfort to know that in finance, at any rate, we are in a very solid position.

Now, gentlemen, although it has got nothing to do with the past year, I know you would like me to say something about the strike, how it arose, and what really happened. For some months past the railway situation in Argentina has been serious. I do not wish in these remarks to be held as attacking the Argentine Government, nor to render their onerous task still more difficult, but there are certain aspects of the movement that should be laid before you, and I shall keep to facts without comment. The first fact is that the strike riots arose on a State railway, and were not caused by any complaint as to hours of working or rates of pay. The men were dissatisfied with their foreman. They struck; they did serious damage, and the foreman was removed. The second strike was on an English railway, and here again the matter in dispute was one of control or discipline, and, at the finish, a Government decree ordered the company to replace two men who were suspended, or dismissed, after great damage had been done by rioters. It is quite clear that protection for property was either insufficient or was inefficiently provided by the public authorities. The next events might have been anticipated. All sorts of demands for more wages, less hours, permanence of employment, and intervention in control were most arbitrarily put forward by the men on all the railways. The movement began to extend outside, and in some towns a general paralysis of all trades took place. The companies offered arbitration, and the men refused it. The Government tried to run trains, and the men replied by more burning of rolling stock or sheds, and even went to further lengths. The men were finally induced to return to work by our acceding to Government pressure and giving a rise of 10 per cent. on all wages below \$260 per month. The men went back, and we have ever since been faced with disputes, local strikes, men leaving their engines outside stations after the expiry of a period they considered just, and all the signs of disorganisation, lack of order, and discipline. In leaving this strike question, I would point out that all interests linked up with property in Argentina, both home and foreign, are affected by a continuance of the present unrest, and one feels sure that this side of the question will receive due consideration. I hope that the Government, knowing we are so deeply interested in the welfare of Argentina, will take my remarks as friendly and prompted by but one desire—to help forward her progress and prosperity. I beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. J. A. GOUDGE (the managing director) seconded the resolution, which, after a short discussion, was carried unanimously.

## PORT OF MANCHESTER WAREHOUSES, LTD.

The ANNUAL MEETING of the shareholders of this Company was held on Thursday (29th November). Mr. Marshall Stevens (the chairman) presided, supported by Mr. Thos. G. Mellors, Mr. Edmund Nuttall, and Mr. Thos. L. Maycock, directors.

The CHAIRMAN, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the company was formed when the war had commenced; this company was without any pre-war standard of profits to justify war-time developments from the pocket point of view, yet being concerned in equipping our Port of Manchester with the necessary complement of storage warehouses to enable it to reach its designated position as the third port of the United Kingdom, and at the same time in relieving the traffic congestion from which the country was suffering so severely, we persevered until we can with pride proclaim that we now provide more storage accommodation and better equipped with handling facilities than any port authority or other warehouse company in the Kingdom.

We recommend to you a dividend of 10 per cent. free of Income Tax, quite satisfactory as the directors think, but they willingly would admit to any selfish shareholder—should we have one—that we might readily have doubled our profit by charging double the storage rent, which in most cases we could have obtained, and perhaps justified ourselves because warehouses cost so much more to build now than formerly.

This would, however, have tended to defeat our main object, which is to administer our warehouses, both as to services and charges, so that merchants may not only continue to use them to meet their pressing necessities, but that they may continue in normal times to trust their traffic to our care.

The growth of such a huge business has taxed the management, and it has been difficult to keep pace with it. The trouble in getting capable assistance is universal in these days, but the directors have constantly before them the needs of their customers, and everything is being done to organise means for the successful running of the Company.

We have opened a ground floor London office at 95, Leadenhall Street, where is shown models representing some types of our warehouses, and of our facilities.

During the last twelve months we have warehoused about half a million tons of traffic, and the handling of 2,000 tons has become an ordinary day's work.

Only about one-half of this traffic as yet passes over the Manchester Ship Canal, but the Canal Company have received from this one-half as toll during the last twelve months—a sum sufficient to pay one per cent. to the Canal Company's Ordinary shareholders or Preference shareholders, and you will remember that additional Canal toll is net profit after standing charges are provided for.

The major portion of the huge traffic we handle comes to us now because of war conditions; but once it has been lifted out of the conventional rut of trade conservatism, we are hopeful that the great economies which our Port provides will be permanently taken advantage of, and we are so confident that this will be the case that we are now providing for future normal requirements.

For example, a very considerable portion of the imports of wool from Australia has recently come to our warehouses, and as the main portion of the import is always ultimately forwarded to the Bradford district, there is a saving of £100,000 per annum, if not twice as much, awaiting the trade if only the Bradford portion is turned to our port permanently. To accommodate it inspection rooms are necessary in addition to warehouses, and we are so satisfied that we can retain the trade that we are providing these, and the first, with a floor accommodation of more than 20,000 feet, and entirely lighted from the north, will be ready in a few weeks.

Then we are preparing to deal permanently with the tea trade, for which we are providing bonded warehouses, and our parent Company—Trafford Park Estates, Ltd.—is getting premises ready for firms in the trade to blend and pack for their North of England requirements.

There is at least a saving of £100,000 per annum awaiting the tea trade if tea be imported at Manchester to serve the requirements of the population which is nearer to Manchester than to any other ocean port, and so along the whole series of imports we are ready to help merchants to secure the savings which the Manchester Ship Canal enables them to obtain.

One considerable barrier has to be broken down—that is the "Conference" arrangements of the liner shipowners, which prior to the war resulted in their giving lower freights to German manufacturers than to our own, and which by a strict division—dictated by the shipowners—of our own British traffic between particular ports and lines has hitherto prevented our manufacturers and shippers from taking advantage of direct transport.

Our shipowners are amongst the most patriotic of Britishers, and I do not fear that they will ever again charge 20s. to 30s. per ton less freight for like traffic from Hamburg than from Manchester, but each shipowner seems so fearful of varying their inter-conference arrangements lest their own particular interests should suffer, that after three years of war they still allow them to interfere woefully with our national interests.

Because of these "Conference" arrangements hundreds of thousands of tons of Manchester and district merchandise which should be shipped at Manchester are unnecessarily railed to Liverpool and London, and tens of thousands of railway wagon journeys and millions of ton-miles of locomotive haulage are being needlessly occupied out of Manchester alone.

Whilst the Ministry of Munitions and the Ministry of Food



are wisely and justifiably creating elaborate organisation throughout the country to save comparatively small tonnage from railway transit. This vast traffic is being needlessly carried from Manchester by rail to other ports for shipment to India, China, South Africa and South America—away from the fully-equipped Port of Manchester. Are there no "powers that be" to save this gigantic war waste?

So far as the manufacturing and trading interests are concerned, these are clearly and patriotically set forth by the shipowners themselves, for in the report recently issued by the Chamber of Shipping as to the measures requisite for the maintenance of the British mercantile marine, I find in Paragraph 58 the following pregnant sentence:—

"All traders should have equal opportunities for the exercise of their energies and enterprise, subject only, if need be, to certainly clearly defined conditions, imposed only to attain national objects."

British industries ask no more. It is up to the shipowners to give immediate effect to their own dictum.

The report, which was seconded by Mr. Thos. G. Mellors, who explained the various items in the accounts, was adopted.

Mr. Marshall Stevens, the retiring director, was re-elected a director.

Messrs. Jones Crewdson and Youatt were re-appointed auditors.

## The FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

CONTENTS—DECEMBER, 1917.

A CHANT OF EMPIRE. By JAMES RHODES.

THE ITALIAN REVERSE. By JULIUS M. PRICE.

RUSSIA'S ECLIPSE. By DR. E. J. DILLON.

THE SECRET POLICE OF THE OLD REGIME. By E. H. WILCOX.

SOME CONSEQUENCES OF THE ITALIAN FAILURE. By POLITICUS.

THE RIDDLE OF THE WAR. By ARCHIBALD HURD.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT, SINN FEIN AND THE IRISH SITUATION. By JOHN MCGRATH.

ARE WE A THRIFTY RACE? By ARNOLD BENNETT.

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V. By J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P.

THE AMERICAN EMBARGO. By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY.

THE CHOSEN OF TO-DAY AND THE KOREA OF YESTERDAY.

By FREDERIC COLEMAN.

THE BALANCE OF POWER. By PROF. F. J. C. HEARNshaw, LL.D.

MIRAGE OF ENGLAND. By CHARLES LANGERBRIDGE MORGAN.

THE ENTENTE AND THE NEW HUMANITIES.

By Prof. M. A. GEROTHWOHL.

HISTORY OF THE WAR. WITH MAPS.

LONDON: CHAPMAN and HALL, LIMITED.

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER. DECEMBER.

Some Russian Realities. By Leslie Ughart.

Russo-German Relations and the Sabouroff Memoirs. By Professor J. I. Simpson.

The Invasion of Italy and the Classic Strategy of Prussia. By Sidney Low.

Playing with the Constitution. By D. C. Lathbury.

Post-War Settlement of Soldiers and Imperial Migration. By the Hon. C. G. Wade, K.C. (Agent-General and formerly Prime Minister of New South Wales).

The Lonely Emperor. By Lady Paget.

Christianity and the Church. By Edith Picton-Turbervill.

The Death of the Cenci in Rome: a Contemporary Manuscript. By Stephen Simeon.

A War Correspondent on his Work. By H. Perry Robinson.

The Convention, or Else? By Arthur S. Herbert (D.L. for County Kerry).

The Ocean, the State, and the Fisherman. By Moreton Frewen.

Shakespeare, Bacon and a 'Tertium Quid'. By H. B. Simpson, C.B.

The 'Pacifist' Peril. By J. Coudurier de Chassigne.

Baghdad and Gaza—and After. By Lieut-Colonel A. C. Tate.

The Story of the Declaration of Paris (concluded). By Sir Francis Pigott (late Chief Justice of Hong Kong).

London: SPOTTISWOODE, BALLANTYNE & CO., LTD.,

1, New Street Square.

The RENOWNED COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS and HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS formed by the late

ALFRED MORRISON, Esq., of Fonthill,

Messrs. SOTHEY, WILKINSON & HODGE

will SELL the above, by AUCTION, at their Large Galleries, 34 and 35, New Bond Street, W. 1, on MONDAY, December 10th, and Four Following Days, at one o'clock precisely.

May be viewed two days prior. Catalogues may be had. Illustrated copies, price 5s. each.

## FOR THE BEST BOOKS

of the Season, see our NEW CATALOGUE now ready

Post Free on application to—

**A. & F. DENNY,** 147, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

## A REAL YORKSHIRE PORK PIE FOR BREAKFAST

Sent direct from the oven. Possessing character and individuality. In oval moulds, 5 lbs., 7 lbs., 10 lbs. Price 2s. 6d. lb. **REAL YORKSHIRE GINGERBREAD.** Crisp from the oven, 3s. 6d. box. Delicious Yorkshire Parkin, 4s. 6d. box. Oatmeal Bannocks, very tasty, 3s. 6d. box.

E. Worth, Wedding Cake Specialist, Leeds.

## MACMILLAN'S NEW BOOKS RECOLLECTIONS.

BY

### VISCOUNT MORLEY, O.M.

In 2 vols.

8vo. 25s. net.

### JOHN KEATS: His Life and Poetry, His Friends, Critics, and After-fame.

By Sir SIDNEY COLVIN. With Portraits and other Illustrations. 8vo. 18s. net.

*The Nation*: "It is impossible to review this book without praising Sir Sidney Colvin for the noble architecture of the temple he has built in honour of Keats. It is not only a temple, but a museum. Sir Sidney has brought together here the whole of Keats's world, or at least all the relics of his world that the last of a band of great collectors has been able to discover."

**LORD LISTER.** By SIR RICKMAN JOHN GODLEE, BART., K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S. With Portraits and other Illustrations. 8vo. 18s. net.

*The Daily Chronicle*: "A book for which the whole world will be grateful. . . The life is written, and very well written, by Lord Lister's nephew, Sir Rickman Godlee."

### POLITICAL PORTRAITS.

By CHARLES WHIBLEY. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Outlook*: "A brilliant piece of work. . . Mr. Whibley treats all his subjects with so fresh and sure a touch that each one of his essays deserves a full notice to itself, and, of course, 'it can't be done.'"

THOMAS HARDY.

### MOMENTS OF VISION AND MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

By THOMAS HARDY. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

### HIGHWAYS & BYWAYS IN WILTSHIRE.

By EDWARD HUTTON. With Illustrations by NELLY ERICHSEN. Extra Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

[Highways and Byways Series.]

*The Glasgow Herald*: "In his present contribution to a most attractive series of monographs Mr. Hutton admirably handles an uncommonly rich subject, and from first to last he receives adequate support in the delicately beautiful work of his accomplished illustrator."

With Preface by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD.

### SIX WOMEN AND THE INVASION.

By GABRIELLE and MARGUERITE YERTA.

Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

*The Daily News*: "One of the most vivid and 'real' books that have appeared about invaded France."

### NEW NOVELS BY FAMOUS AUTHORS.

#### THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT.

By WINSTON CHURCHILL, Author of "Richard Carvel," &c. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

*The Daily Telegraph*: "The book is strong in human interest, and the main story grips the reader from the outset."

Third Impression.

#### SUMMER.

By EDITH WHARTON, Author of "The House of Mirth," &c. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

Third Impression.

#### CHRISTINE.

By ALICE CHOLMONDELEY.

Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

\*. Macmillan's Catalogue of Books suitable for presentation post free on application.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., London, W.C.2.

## Lines in Verse and Fable.

By LORD BRAYE. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d. net.

Allusion to the present War, of which the writer published a forecast (Selected Poems, 1887); to Leo XIII's recollection of Bible reading by the blind in London; to Pilcher's death in the writer's park, with a lament that aviation should be devoted to man's destruction instead of conversion, etc., etc.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.



## SAVE NOW

and make the pathway of life easier for the feet of your little ones.

**P**ROVIDE for their future. Save now and you will be able to give them the best possible education and start them better equipped in the battle of life.

Was there ever a time in your own life when two or three hundred pounds would have made all the difference to your future prospects? See to it that your children do not lack such assistance.

Spend as little as you can—save as much as you can. Invest in Government Securities where your money is safe and earns a high rate of interest.

**Help your Country now and your Children in the Future.**

**BUY**

**NATIONAL WAR BONDS  
OR  
WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES**

Issued by The National War Savings Committee  
(Appointed by H.M. Treasury).  
Salisbury Square, London, E.C. 4.

